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PRIORY TABLES, they are often called, so suggestive are they of the greystone and time-worn Abbey refectories of olden times.

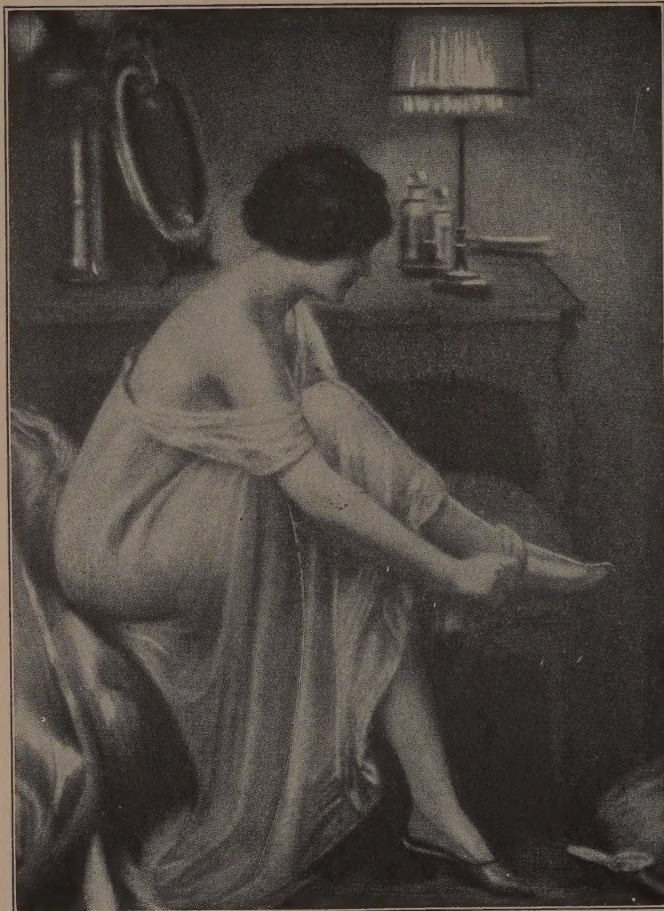
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THE THEATRE

APRIL, 1917



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But an American is surpassing them all. Robert Edmond Jones is his name.

A disciple of Reinhardt, Mr. Jones is

"The amateur's hour has struck," say the non-professionals of the stage.

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Editor

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the first native artist to bring originality of design and color to the theatre.

In the May issue, Mr. Jones—the only ordinary thing about him is his name—contributes an interesting article contrasting the new stage settings with the old.



THE woman's hour has struck," say the suffragettes.



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

FLORENCE REED AS TISHA, THE COURTESAN, IN "THE WANDERER"

THE THEATRE



THE ADVANTAGES OF ILLITERACY

By CHANNING POLLOCK



OUR crying need—in this country—is an institution of unlearning.

Some great pantologic pumping station, where persons who have acquired an education inadvertently, who have been thrust into one, or have had one thrust into them, or have struggled vainly with a dipsomaniacal thirst for knowledge, may have their brains baled out, and start afresh, more nearly on a level with their fellow men.

Unless something of the sort is done our theatre is doomed. The drama, carrying weight forage, handicapped by traditions, hampered by writers who keep trying to inject poetry, and philosophy, and other stuff that nobody wants, cannot hope to compete with newer diversions, reproducible, assimilable, and forgettable without mental effort. Every invention and innovation that makes possible the killing of time more easily, with less exertion and smaller return, increases the danger. For years struggling against the insidious inroads of bicycles, bridge, roller-skates, road-houses, dancing, motor-cars and cabarets, our stage finds itself invaded now, and a death-grapple with a foe that asks only eye-sight, bearing the same relation to drama that the picture-book bears to literature.

Managers have done, and are doing their best to meet this foe on even terms. Working almost with unanimity, they have succeeded in keeping out of the playhouse practically everything beyond the capacity of adolescence. They have offered a menu of pap and "pep," sugar and sentimentality, ready masticated and predigested, without substance and without nutriment. Thus, the current season, three-fourths over, has brought forth not more than eight or ten plays whose whole meaning could not have been taken in at a glance by a plumber's assistant slightly affected by having fallen out of a perambulator upon his head and the cement sidewalk. In this plan of campaign, our impressari have had the hearty, though not always conscious co-operation of a vast majority of our authors.

Indeed, why not? The advantages of illiteracy are so obvious. He that runs may read, but he that can't read, or doesn't, rides in a twelve-cylinder limousine with interior decoration by Elsie de Wolfe. Surely, our singers and thinkers must be inclined to that pumping station, who see the great unlettered geniuses roll by in automobiles barred to them by overloaded brains. This is a community—and the same would be true of most other communities—in which "Potash and Perlmutter" is greeted with louder acclaim than "The Legend of Leonora," and "Kalinka" outlasts "Justice" and "Major Barbara" and "Henry VIII," with their engagements placed and to end.

We must admit the wisdom of the philosopher who said: "The higher the fewer." That is, the higher you go the fewer there will be to go with you. Pinero, who was much besought when he confined himself to naughty nonsense, like "The Magistrate," and to sentimental saccharin, like "Sweet Lavender," has written himself through the roof of the theatre with "Mid-Channel" and

"The Thunderbolt." Mrs. Fiske acted her manager into bankruptcy with her tragedies of "Hannele" and of "Rosmersholm," whose lovers threw themselves into the mill-race and committed mill-race-suicide. What else could have happened where the national idol was to be Charlie Chaplin?

The popular and prosperous playwright must be the playwright who addresses the populace in its own language. Any other language is Greek, and Greek is effective only when Greek meets Greek. His must be the ideas, the ideals, the motives, the emotions, and, above all, the vocabulary of the crowd. That vocabulary, according to Augustus Thomas, consists of not more than five hundred words. What chance has Shakespeare with his fifty thousand? Obviously, half the time he might as well be singing to the deaf, or speaking Hindustani. Consider the theatrical impossibilities of Noah Webster.... Fifty thousand words! And "the pictures" get on so well without any!

Still—why the institution of unlearning? Why cannot the craftsman forego use of his tools? Presumably for the same reason a carpenter might be reluctant to curve a board with a carving knife when he had at hand a scroll-saw. The right word is so tempting if you know it. And, of course, the same thing is true of the exactly illustrative allusion, or the subtle suggestion, or the delicate figment of fancy. Barrie, if he had written "The Cinderella Man," would have begun by discarding the very cheapnesses and maudlinities that won success for Edward Childs Carpenter. Much of his song would have been sung in overtones inaudible to the average ear. He did precisely that with the story of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" when he employed it in "A Kiss for Cinderella."



THREE years ago a friend approached me with a tale depending upon the "sob stuff" of a family in want at Yule-tide. It was snowing outside, and they had no Christmas tree! They were hungry, and had no turkey! Worse still, no cranberry sauce! "It's such 'mush,'" said my friend. "I'm afraid the audience that came to sniffle would remain to sniff!"

"You are not only a scribe," quoth I, "but a Pharisee! So long as we live, and after, the treeless and turkeyless will be among the tragic figures of the theatre!"

But my unlucky visitor was too sophisticated. The following season it was snowing outside at the Playhouse, and the treeless and turkeyless were drawing sympathetic throngs to "The Things That Count."

No author with a sense of humor, taught that plausibility is one of the first essentials of drama, would have dared devise a third-act climax in which a pocket flashlight, fastened to a chair in a cellar, scared a company of German soldiers into abandoning their search of a spy. Yet, with this as its chief incident, and a dozen others quite

as ridiculous, "Under Fire" prospered the better part of half a season at the Hudson.

Do you suppose any man who knew life and literature and the drama would have had the temerity to write "Experience," or "Everywoman," or "Pollyanna," or "The Lure," or "Help Wanted," or "The Ghost Breaker," or "Alias Jimmy Valentine" or "In the Bishop's Carriage"? These plays were successes, though, and made money, while failure was the portion of "The Scarecrow," and "Lady Patricia," and "The Pigeon," and "The Silver Box," and "General John Regan," and "The Great Adventure."

Arnold Bennett, in the comedy last mentioned, dealt with a hero who ran away from his reputation, and £200,000, to live on nothing as a nobody. This motive, of course, might be quite intelligible to the tired celebrity, longing to be let alone, but the paying public isn't made up of tired celebrities, nor of persons who have £200,000, and it is particularly destitute of persons who could imagine themselves running away from £200,000 if they had it. The theme, therefore, was caviare to the general, and what is caviare to the general is apt to be soft-boiled buck-shot to the private in the rear ranks. Here we have an excellent example of the risk run by the writer whose culture or experience is beyond the common. His is the task of guessing what the less fortunate will enjoy. If he be among the less fortunate he needn't even think about the matter. What *he* enjoys is what *they* will enjoy. A lad in his second year at grammar school would have no trouble writing a story in words of one syllable.

There was hard sense in the couplet of that ecclesiastical critic of two centuries ago who wrote:

*"The novelist who knows too much
Is like to lose the human touch."*

Education, besides giving one a language that is not the language of the crowd, and susceptibilities that are not the susceptibilities of the crowd, has a tendency to dull the emotions. The more one thinks the less one is likely to feel—or, at least, to feel what is commonly felt. Cold and hunger and privation cease to be remembered experiences, just as the homely virtues, dissected instead of being swallowed whole, cease to be virtues, and the accepted nobilities come to seem irrational and ridiculous. Just as unreasoning loyalty is most readily found among the unlettered, and Damon and Pythias, if they lived to-day, probably would have lived on the East Side.

Those of us who keep open the lower levels of our minds sufficiently to be interested in "a good prize fight" realize that "a punch to the heart" is likely to be more effective than "a punch to the head." Your physician will tell you, however, that, anatomically, it is possible to reach the heart through the head. There *are* people affected by Chantecler's thrilling, exultant apostrophe to the dawn, by his vibrant confidence that his voice has brought up the sun, as they could not have been affected by the inventor's discov-

ery that his engine would run, in "‘Mile-a-Minute’ Kendal." However, reverting to the situation of Arnold Bennett, perhaps *they* are only the people who have tried to bring up the sun.

Generally speaking, the man who attempts to write or produce something a bit better than is demanded encounters resentment rather than mere indifference. He becomes not only an alien but an enemy alien. Next to love, the most universal sentiment is hatred of the "high-brow." In this country we class the habitual user of good English with the wearer of spats and a wrist-watch. Why do the figures in our popular newspaper cartoons address one another in utter defiance of grammar? Not because the cartoonists are illiterate, or because a sense of character demands that defiance, but because of the ingratitude of approaching the public on its own level.

Naturally, the carpenter who has learned the possibilities of a scroll saw regrets having to work without one. It is *such* a drawback to be writing in English for a public that does not know English. Fancy Gilbert confined to words of one syllable! Gilbert achieved fame, of course, and his fame endures, among the few, but he never enjoyed the vogue of Irving Berlin, and, in thirty years, his publishers have not sold as many copies of "The Sun Whose Rays" as this season will be sold of "Poor Butterfly." Everybody knows the tragedy of feeling, "If he don't come back then I never sigh or cry, I just mus' die," but how many appreciate that of playing "On a cloth untrue with a twisted cue and elliptical billiard balls?"

The author of a successful comedy of life among the Scotch confided in me a gorgeous idea of calling one of his characters "Anathema," because the boy's parents had remembered, "His name shall be anathema." His difficulty was that a succession of audiences saw no reason why the child's name shouldn't be "Anathema." So, eventually, this author got a lanky youth for the part, and christened him "Aufwiedersehen," because that was German for So-long. Which was just stupid! But the trouble about deliberately lowering your gun is that usually you shoot below the mark. Kindliness and tenderness may be assumed, but ignorance, to be effective, must be sincere!

The greatest advantage of illiteracy, of course, is that the illiterate dwell in a virgin world. They are uncramped by tradition, undaunted by reverence, unrestrained by a knowledge of what they do not know. They have everything to do because nothing has been done. They are undwarfed by surrounding superiority because unaware of it. Theirs is perfect self-confidence because their judgments are uncomplicated; they do not realize how abjectly they may fail or how magnificently others have succeeded. With what sweeping and sustaining assurance might that librettist work who had never read "The Mikado!" "It would seem," says Clayton Hamilton, "in solemn justice that no man should really have the right to make so beautiful a play as 'A Kiss for Cinderella.' The undeniably accomplished fact is too discouraging to all the rest of us!"

Quite certainly, if we had the fancy of Barrie, his charm, and his tenderness, and his hundred other qualities, we should find it the harder to turn out "A Kiss for Cinderella" because we know "A Kiss for Cinderella." We should be working in the shadow of that work. And we should follow the rules that the creator created. Only a novice could have written "On Trial"; Augustus Thomas wouldn't have dared. We are like the justly celebrated centipede who ran without difficulty until he learned how to run. A friend of mine wrote his first and most successful story in six hours. Subsequently, realizing how difficult a thing it is to write a story, and how much skill it requires, he sat two days inactive, bluffed by his typewriting machine, falling back upon form and resorting to Roget. The second job occupied nearly a month, and it wasn't the least what the editor meant.

Hence, and because of all these phases, because the ultimate consumer doesn't know the best, and because the best isn't always done by those who do know, the crying need of an institution of unlearning. If "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," by the logic governing the question as to what makes more noise than a pig under a fence, a great deal of knowledge must be still more dangerous. And the trained and educated man, in the game of arts and letters as it is played to-day, must share the emotions of the Cockney, ragged by his diminutive spouse, who stuck his clinched fist into his pocket, and mourned:

"Gawd! If only I wasn't a gentleman!"

BERNARD SHAW: A LEFT HANDED COMPLIMENT

By WILLIAM BOLLES



SHAW is exactly like Shakespeare; the first three letters of their names are identical.

One is a play-writer; the other was a dramatist. Both have one distinguished pedigree: By Providence, out of Great Britain. If Shaw had the same first name as O. Henry, we could all say O. Shaw!

The subject of our pneumatic hammer has done some good things: he has avoided poetry; he has not tried to rewrite the Bible; he has given some old-fogey ideas and old-fogey people a good biff on the belfry. There is always room for iconoclasts; if at times their brains seem to be made of pepper relish and tabasco sauce, these things have their place in our mental menu; yet one can hardly make three meals a day off such viands even though they are hot stuff. It is an accomplishment to make part of the civilized world think. Shaw has done this frequently. WHAT they think is another matter; some of it is unfit for publication.

Shaw is a great critic. As an observer of critics I have discovered that the critic himself does not enjoy being criticized. He naturally thinks his ideas are correct, or he would not write them. Therefore he is irritated by anyone who says he is wrong—or, to make a long paragraph short, who intimates that he may be a liar. This leads to blows with cruel, long-handled words. I call your attention to the fact that "words" itself is a beheaded word; if we put the letter "s" back at its head, we have our familiar weapon, swords. That's why words cut so deep.

After a surgeon has prepared his patient for a major operation, the next thing to do is to do it. Both Shaw and Jack London (rest his soul) offended a large number of intelligent, potential

book-buyers and play-goers, by proclaiming themselves as Socialists. They might better have claimed to be Fiji Islanders. It must be remembered that Socialists east less than one-twentieth of the votes in the United States, and among their small number are many persons who seldom buy a book or see a play—they are so very unsocial or clayey.

Shaw may say: "That's all right. I am writing for the elect, the minority." If so, he is not writing for posterity, because minority and posterity are not synonymous. Shall we do the greatest good for the greatest number, or the least good for the least number? That is the question. I pause for a reply, but I hear none; therefore I shall proceed where I left off before being interrupted by my alter-ego. Oh, Posterity, thou (plural form) art wonderful, but thou dost not buy me any eight-cylinders. Give me the glorious, unprocrastinating contemporaneity.

As for Socialism, Germany, Austria, France and England are getting a bitter taste of it right now. Ask their common people how they like to be run so completely by their governments, and you may hear a howl that would frighten the wild beasts into their dug-outs. State Socialism (alias martial law) has taken a firm grasp on the proletariat, and told them frankly: "Necessity knows no law. Do as we tell you, or your name is Belgium."

So their common people work long hours for what pay their governments see fit to offer them, and submit to extraordinary prices for food and clothing; the day's work about pays for the day's necessities. Theory and practice are different animals.

Shaw may say this is capitalism posing as

Socialism; but if he knows how bitterly the capitalists feel toward Socialism, he never could accuse them of imitating it. Capitalism is only accumulated capital. Any Socialist can become a capitalist by saving his money. Socialists say our present industrial system is wrong—that it produces capitalists. If so, why don't the Socialists themselves take advantage of the situation and improve this golden opportunity to accumulate wealth? If they are so unselfish they don't want it for their own use, they could employ wealth in their propaganda. So, if they say they don't want riches, we are inclined to question their common-sense. Shaw should be wise enough to see that intelligent Capitalism can never be overthrown by ignorant Socialism. The adjective "ignorant" is not intended to apply to Shaw; it refers only to those so-called Socialists who do not know anything except a few humdrum arguments and platitudes.

Mr. Shaw, we like you; we want you to entertain us, criticize us, poke fun at us, ridicule our follies and foibles; but please don't ride your hobby too often. Turn your talents into practical channels. You have gifts—ability, originality, power and genius, but please don't try to teach Socialism to us, or you may see your audience reaching for their hats; the persons who publish histories may relegate you to a lower place in the world's literature than you deserve, and posterity would hear less about you.

Mr. Shaw, you are a citizen of the world. There are so few world figures in literature, we cannot afford to risk losing any of them. When we hear a distinguished thinker, whose voice encircles the globe, strike a discord in the grand opera of life, we cannot restrain an impulsive cry of warning. Please do not compel us to write it: O. Shaw.



Mr. Coburn Howard Kyle Thomas E. Jackson Walter Bull Carlos Patnode Peter Newton
Act I. Argan, confirmed hypochondriac, surrounded by his doctor and apothecaries



Photos White Mr. Coburn Thomas E. Jackson Act II. Argan being physicked Howard Kyle



Mrs. Coburn Mr. Coburn Beatrice Prentice George Farren Schuyler Ladd
Act III. Argan, come to life, is amazed to discover the true feelings of his daughter

THE COBURN PRODUCTION OF MOLIERE'S COMEDY "THE IMAGINARY INVALID"

RIDA YOUNG—DRAMATIST AND GARDEN EXPERT

By HELEN TEN BROECK



INTERVIEWERS are so disconcerting!"

A bright-faced maid had shown me to the work shop of Rida Johnson Young, and it was that clever dramatist who glanced up from her writing table with a frown to utter the greeting above recorded.

"I wouldn't have a reporter catch me at work for anything," she concluded, the frown giving place to a smile.

"But I am delighted to find you at your desk," I said, and the artist wants to make a photograph of our handsomest woman dramatist working at her next play."

"Alas," wailed the handsomest dramatist, "I have no desk, and anyway I never 'work' at my plays in this room. I set them down here, but I write them, really, that is to say I plot them out and do everything except the mere mechanical typewriting of them elsewhere."

"And where is 'elsewhere?'" asked the artist who is much cleverer at interviewing than I am.

Mrs. Young looked up with a smile that changed into a gasp as the photographer's flash flared up with the customary bang, and she realized that against her will she had been photographed.

Everybody sneezed for a few minutes as people always do when flash lighting, and Mrs. Young led the way to her pretty drawing room, where she proceeded to show just how she worked at making those fascinating bright and fluent plays, which are associated with her name.

Other dramatists have succeeded in capturing simultaneous productions for their plays on Broadway; Clyde Fitch indeed is credited with having had three comedies running in New York theatres at the same time, but it is reserved for Rida Johnson Young to contribute a successful comedy, and a big musical hit to the gaiety of the immediate hour on Broadway, and have a second musical piece in rehearsal.

"The hours I spend in the work shop where you caught me," said Mrs. Young, measure, rather than accomplish, the work I do every day. Each morning I spend three hours at my typewriter, putting into shape the ideas I have collected the day before. Some lucky writers are able to dash off happy dialogue or work out characterizations

whenever the mood happens to be inspiring. I, unfortunately, am not that sort. If I waited to capture the mood, I am afraid I should never write a word. So every day, I conscientiously spend the morning in my shop, but I still insist that I only set down in those hours, the result of my real work done during the rest of the twenty-four."

"I suppose you are working now," I ventured in an awed tone as Mrs. Young handed me a cup of tea with a far away look in her brown velvet eyes.

"Well," she laughed, "I have just thought of a rhyme for 'caravan' and that finishes a lyric I have had on my mind for two days. Again the unholy bang of a flashlight, and the photographer, who seemed only fussing with his camera had caught the dramatist, in the very act of capturing a verse for her next libretto."



WHEN the smoke had cleared away, Mrs. Young admitted, that while she loves the stage and still has lofty illusions about the theatre, she had rather do anything in the world than write plays.

"Gardening, for instance. Of course, it is fine to feel a 'slice of life' grow into being as you write it down, but have you ever cultivated roses? or carrots? or sunflowers? or orchids?"

In every available corner of the big studio were growing things. Palms and primroses crowded the magazines of the moment on the big library table, while a riot of pansies or buttercups or were they hyacinths? bloomed gaily upon the piano. Each window had its hedges and borders of flowers, and some happy mingling of drama and horticulture had persuaded an orange tree that was laden with fruit in various stages of maturity, to burst into bloom in a dark corner.

"You learn a lot about plays by writing in a garden," continued Mrs. Young, "for the gentle art of pruning, is an essential part of a dramatist's work, and you learn to develop situations, to weed out extraneous dialogue, to carefully tend and water the growing idea that is at once the

seed and the fruit of your work—all these things you learn in a garden. It is very wonderful to dig and hoe and agonizingly hunt rose bugs and tomato worms, but when your first rose comes blushing into bloom, or your first tomato glows to ripeness under your very eyes, you have a finer thrill than even a successful first night can give you. All the trouble in the world, if you go back to first causes, came because a woman, named Eve, became bored in a garden and failed to realize the beauties of growing things."

If you think that Mrs. Young had remained seated while uttering these convictions you are quite wrong. During the last part of her monologue, she had possessed herself of a vicious looking implement that resembled one of the awful things you see in a dentist's office, and had been snipping lovingly at the leaves of a Boston palm. Neither had the photographer been idle, for he had wheeled his trusty little camera into half a dozen places in pursuit of the dramatist, and a sudden explosion of his flashlight apparatus interrupted the question that was on my lips at the moment.

"But gardening has not interfered with an amazing industry on your part?" I suggested.

The playwright sighed deeply. "Gardening is such an expensive hobby," she replied, "that it conduces to a most pernicious activity in one's chosen profession, in order to meet the financial obligations it imposes. Have you ever bought lime? or fertilizers? or electric lawn mowers? or—but never mind, those things are too painful for a pleasant afternoon."

"Yes, I think I am rather an industrious person," she admitted, when I referred again to her output of plays. "Since 'Brown of Harvard,' my first play in 1906, I have had seventeen pieces produced, and the nineteenth play of mine is now in active rehearsal. So I fancy I have earned the right to amuse myself in my garden; don't you?"

"Brown of Harvard" ran five years with Harry Woodruff as the hero, and three years was the record for "Glorious Betsy" in which Mary Mannering starred. Then came "The Boys of Company B," which

(Concluded on page 250)



Photos Press Illustrating

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

The author of two Broadway successes, "Captain Kidd, Jr.," and "Her Soldier Boy," surrounded by books and flowers—her particular hobbies

EIGHT · OF · THE · MOST ·
BEAUTIFUL · WOMEN · ON
THE · AMERICAN · STAGE
AS · SELECTED · BY · A · JURY
OF · NOTED · ARTISTS · . . .



WHO are the most beautiful women on the stage? A difficult question to answer. Bold the man who would dare make the attempt. Obviously, it would be impossible to publish in one issue the portraits of all the beautiful women on the American stage, so we decided to begin with eight of them. And when it came to making a selection we appealed to W. T. Benda, W. B. King, J. C. Leyendecker, C. Coles Phillips and Clarence Underwood, all experts in types of feminine beauty, to help us out. Their final choice is reproduced in the following pages.

The Publishers.



From a portrait by Sarony

KATHERINE PERRY

A representative type of that widely exploited young person—the American show girl. She is now decorating the chorus of “The Century Girl”



From a portrait, copyright, Arnold Genthe

BILLIE BURKE

Everyone knows Billie of the fluffy red hair. Her engaging and piquant personality has made her the darling of millions



From a portrait by Mishkin

MARTHA HEDMAN

This fair daughter of Sweden has completely won our American hearts. She is one of the reasons for the success of "The Boomerang"



From a portrait, copyright, Ira L. Hill

MARION DAVIES

Musical comedy has given many beauties to the stage. Here is one who shines resplendently in "Oh, Boy!" at the Princess



From a portrait by Campbell Studio

GRACE DARLING

Grace is a darling and a beauty besides. All the movie fans agree to this. If you haven't seen her in the film serial, "Beatrice Fairfax," you've missed a treat



From a portrait by Sarony

AIMEE DALMORES

Always *chic*, as most women of our stage, this attractive player was seen in "The Unchastened Woman" and in the Drama League's revival of early American plays



From a portrait by Campbell Studio

PAULINE FREDERICK

On stage, off stage, and in filmland, Miss Frederick is famed for her classic beauty. It fits well her latest screen rôle, "Sapho"



From a portrait by Edgewater Beach Studio

MARTHA ERLICH

The comic men of the screen need a pretty girl to help them. Max Linder was wise in choosing Miss Erlich, late of the chorus, to be his leading lady



Photos White George Arliss as Professor Goodwillie



Malcolm Morely as Pete; Molly Pearson as Effie

CHARACTERS IN THE REVIVAL OF BARRIE'S COMEDY, "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY



Mary Young and John Craig



Mary Young and Edgar Norton

SCENES IN E. H. SOTHERN'S PLAY, "STRANGER THAN FICTION," AT THE GARRICK

E. H. SOTHERN AS AUTHOR AND REVIVAL OF A BARRIE PLAY

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



COMEDY. "THE LAST STRAW," by Bosworth Crocker. "A PRIVATE ACCOUNT," by Georges Courteline, translated from the French by Edward Goodman and Beatrice de Holthoer. "THE DEATH OF TINTAGILES," by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated from the French by Philip Moeller. "THE HERO OF SANTA MARIA," by Kenneth Goodman and Ben Hecht. Produced on February 12th with these players:

Marjorie Vonnegut, Glenn Hunter, Arthur E. Hohl, Nick Long, Frank Longacre, Jose Ruben, Margaret Mower, Gwladys Wynne, Edward Balzerit, Noel Haddon, Helen Westley, Katharine Cornell, Robert Strange, T. W. Gibson, Holland Hudson, Jean Robb, Betty Flammer, Edward F. Flammer, Joe Fink.

THE third bill of the season presented by the Washington Square Players possessed certain unusual merits worth noting. The four plays were free of the amatory fluff that, vicious in tendency, one would think is written for the exclusive attention of people so "advanced" that they have lost their bearing altogether.

There was nothing in the bill that smacked of futurism. These players aim to give the unusual, being often, as to material, both unusually good and unusually bad in the same evening.

With an uneven quality in the acting, there is an astonishing cleverness and originality in the simple effectiveness of the scenery, the combination of colors and the lighting—all having a relation to the idea of the play in hand. There is an excellence here that has gained the Players a rightful attention and distinction.

These qualities were used, overwhelming the lines of the play in importance, in Maeterlinck's "The Death of Tintagiles." The gloom of the morbid story, hardly intelligible at best, was deepened by a stage so darkened that the features of the characters could be seen only fitfully.

The Maeterlinck idea seems to be that everything should be translated into mysteries of sound and sight. By this method the more unintelligible the lines the more effective the sounds of woe, terror and heartbreak—a dash of light to accentuate the sound and a bit of wierd color for good measure. Maeterlinck, at the

period of this play, was under the hypnotism of unsound theories, theories at least carried too far.

A little Prince is brought by his sisters to the castle of the Queen and is there strangled behind closed doors with one wailing sister outside lamenting. It is claimed that it symbolizes something—but it is not a symbolism that is effective.

"A Private Account" is a trifle from the French in which a wife gets the better of her husband, an author who keeps methodical accounts of her expenditures.

"The Last Straw," by Bosworth Crocker, follows the occasional Washington Square idea of being unnecessarily disagreeable. A husband kills himself because he did (or did not) kill a cat and nobody believes him. The acting in it was worth the while.

"The Hero of Santa Maria," being good comedy of the soil, was naturally enjoyed more than any of the other plays. It was a vastly amusing farcical comedy by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman and Ben Hecht. This particular stage has not seen more spontaneous and unposed acting. Robert Strange, T. W. Gibson, Helen Westley, Arthur Hohl and others distinguished themselves. That it was a rural play and not of the advanced type helped.

LITTLE. "THE MORRIS DANCE." Farce in three acts by Granville Barker. Based on the novel. "THE WRONG BOX," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Produced on Feb. 13th with this cast:

Morris Finsbury	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Joseph Finsbury	John L. Shine
Julia Hazledeane	Elizabeth Risdon
Gideon Forsyth	Robert Rendel
John Finsbury	Ethelbert Hales
Herbert Wickham	Gerald Oliver-Smith
Michael Finsbury	Richard Bennett
Mrs. Gildersleeves	Dora Heritage
A Railroad Guard	Peter Woolman
A Young Man	Sidney Blackmer
Another Railroad Guard	Carl M. Tyng
A Carter	Isidore Marcil
Another Carter	William Foster
William Dent Pitman	Herbert Yost
A Piano Mover	John M. Belcher
A Landlord	Frank Sherlock
His Wife	Ruby Hallier
A Customer	Harry Maitland
Another Customer	Lane B. Fisk
Still Another Customer	Tello Webb
A "Professional"	Richard Henry Lace
Miss Forsyth	Anne Morland
A Boy	Eugene Lowe

WINTHROP AMES announced "The Morris Dance" as an "outrageous farce," but I didn't believe he meant it until I saw the piece. This latest effort by Granville Barker has grievously shaken my faith in that interesting author-producer. An Ames-Barker alliance promised such unusual fruit that a dried prune as a result of the collaboration was somewhat disillusioning.

"The Morris Dance" is a rapid-chatter farce with a cadaver as the protagonist. The chatter is mostly flat, and the cadaver a somewhat gruesome subject for light comedy. The plot concerns itself with the peregrinations of the corpse into numerous unwilling hands. It doesn't sound humorous, nor is it. Though, of course, I shall not contend for a moment that there are not those with a perverted sense of humor whose levity would be hugely aroused by the "comic" situations. The plot is maze-like in its many complications, and has to do with tontines and other queer things. For further details I refer you to "The Wrong Box," the story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, from which the piece was adapted.

Despite the distinguished cast, the acting was negligible. It was harrowing to see Richard Bennett's talent wasted on the stupid rôle he was called upon to play, and what the feelings of that dignified comedian, Mr. Gottschalk, can have been when the stage "business" called for his being laid across the knee and spanked in full view of the audience, can be left only to the imagination.

The piece called for unusual settings and good use was made of the Little Theatre's revolving stage in arranging the various sets. The scenery was by all odds the most interesting feature of the production.

COMEDY. "THE IRON CROSS." Play in four acts by Elmer L. Reizenstein. Produced on February 13th with the following cast:

Margaret Dreier	Edith Randolph
Wilhelm Dreier	Ernest Rowan
Karl Schiller	Edward Nicander
A Postman	Gabriel Lewis
Marie	Margaret Fareleigh
Captain Halbe	Bertram Hobbs
A Boy	Frank Longacre
Freida	Clarice McCauley

Little Heinrich	Fred Verdi
Emma	Sylvia Wolfe
Heinrich	Gage Bennett
A Woman	Chrystene Straiton
An Officer	Will Hutchins
Rosa	Mildred Valentine

ELMER L. REIZENSTEIN, author of "On Trial," wrote "The Iron Cross," which the Morningside Players, a Columbia University group, presented at the Comedy. For the most part this young author's second play is a conventional peace tract, in many ways strikingly similar to the "As It Was in the Beginning" of Arturo Giovannitti, which has been seen in New York this season in both Italian and English.

"The Iron Cross" is almost entirely dramatic narrative, the episodic first two acts being given over to the horrors of war in an Austrian village. There is a dead soldier on the stage when the curtain first rises, and the inspissated misery culminates in the suicide of one woman and the violation of another by a Cossack at the end of act two.

The two remaining acts depict the return from the trenches of an ultra-caddish husband who finds it extremely difficult to forgive his wife for having survived her "dishonor" and become the mother of a "Russian brat." The play is chiefly valuable for the opportunity it gives Edwin Nicander, as a blinded soldier, to deliver with much effect some clever satirical lines. "Think," he says, for example, in discussing heredity, "of paying for your great-grandfather's amusement!"

The initial guilt for the war seems to rest equally with all nations in Mr. Reizenstein's conception. Perhaps he would have found it easier to gain sympathy for afflicted Belgium rather than for devastated Austria. According to him, at all events, the alliance and the entente are all busily setting back the great clock of progress.

Obviously "The Iron Cross" is David Starr Jordan dramatized, or rather debated—and occasionally illustrated. And I can't help feeling grateful that the farmers at Lexington didn't share Mr. Reizenstein's views of war.

Along with Mr. Nicander, Edith Randolph carried off the acting honors as the martyred heroine. Of the other performers—with the exception of two clever children—the least said the better.

And mentally reviewing "War Brides," "Marie-Odile," "As It Was in the Beginning," "Lilac Time," and "The Iron Cross," I cannot help feeling that the supreme need of the modern martial drama is birth control.

HARRIS. "THE IMAGINARY INVALID." Comedy in three acts by Molière. Presented on February 15th with this cast:

Argan	Mr. Coburn
Beline	Mabel Wright
Angelique	Beatrice Prentice
Louison	Neville May Westman
Beralde	George Farren
Cleante	Schuyler Ladd
Monsieur Diafoirus	Albert Bruning
Thomas Diafoirus	George Gaul
Monsieur Purgon	Howard Kyle
Monsieur Fleurant	Thomas E. Jackson
Apothecary's Assistants	Walter T. Bull, Carlos Patnode and Peter Newton
Monsieur Bonnefoi	Henry Buckler
Toinette	Mrs. Coburn

MOLIERE'S hypochondriac, Argan, as you will remember—maybe—wanted his daughter to wed a physician so that Father might enjoy his ill-health to the utmost. His second wife wanted him to die so that she could get his money. His daughter wanted to marry the handsome young Cléante. And Toinette, the serving maid, wanted to cure the old man of his folly and his imaginary invalidism and to smooth the course of true love.

In the end, Toinette's cleverness won. But meanwhile, there had been the delicious satire and the keensighted exploitation of humanity's foibles that are Molière. Now come the Coburns, those loyal devotees of Thespis who have compelled so many thousands of undergraduates to like their Shakespeare in spite of what they have to listen to about him in the classroom, and further obligate us with a most admirable revival of "Le Malade Imaginaire."

Saint Poquelin surely should be canonized by all the anti-medical creeds. What he did to the doctors of his day was plenty. In "The Imaginary Invalid" he brings on three of them, not counting the masquerading maid, and saying nothing of the four apothecaries to practice on poor Argan. It was a brave tribute to the latter's constitution that he remained healthy in spite of them all.

Mr. Coburn does what I should call the best work of his career as the clumsy, weebegone, dull-witted Argan. He brings to the part unlimited grotesquerie and comic despair. As the shrewd maid Toinette—a sort of Bunty of old—Mrs. Coburn is capital. George Gaul, in the rôle of the booby graduate of medicine whom Argan has chosen to be his son-in-law, contributes greatly to the hilarity.

A charming performance, too, is given by little Miss Neville May Westman, as dainty as a French doll come to life. The entire cast, in

fact, including Howard Kyle as the preposterous Dr. Purgon, is excellent, with the possible exception of Schuyler Ladd, whose Cléante is far less perfect than his Daffodil.

"The Imaginary Invalid" abounds in scenes of hilarious absurdity. The spectacle of the rotund Argan clambering into his high bed, or of young Diafoirus inviting his fiancée to a dissection clinic, is enough to stir the risibilities of a gargyle. All in all, I should call it the funniest play of the season.

PRINCESS. "OH, BOY!" Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, music by Jerome Kern. Produced on February 20th with this cast:

Briggs	Carl Lyle
Jane Packard	Marion Davies
Polly Andrus	Justine Johnstone
Jim Marvin	Hal Forde
George Budd	Tom Powers
Lou Ellen Carter	Marie Carroll
Jackie Sampson	Anna Wheaton
Constable Simms	Stephen Maley
Judge Daniel Carter	Frank McGinn
Mrs. Carter	Augusta Haviland
Penelope Budd	Edna May Oliver
A Club Waiter	Jack Merritt

I'M willing to admit that "Oh, Boy!" is a good show.

Its principal assets are a set of clever lyrics with real rhymes to them, an outfit of fascinating tunes to match, a delightful dancing team, and Miss Anna Wheaton.

Its chief liabilities are an often dull and always venerable book, bewiskered jests like "When-the-minister-said-Wilt-thou?—I wilted," and an unbeautiful chorus.

When I tell you that the story concerns the efforts of elopers and police-assaulters to deceive rich maiden aunts and sour mothers-in-law as to who is married to whom, I have said enough on that score. But on the musical score much more may be said. The story hardly counts, because the actors are always interrupting it to sing a cute little song about anything they happen to think of. The fact that none of them can sing doesn't seem to matter: the orchestra always manages to carry the air.

Anna Wheaton, in and out of pajamas, which she insists are better than nothing, is the actress who beats up the village constable, loses her diamonds, steals the fat old reprobate's patriotic speech, and poses as the wife of him who has just wed another. She is lots of fun. Hal Forde helps her considerably on numerous occasions.

The rest of the company, including Marie Carroll, who comes the near-

est to singing of anybody and is always dainty, to say nothing of Jack Merritt, who can office-boy and even ush as well as he acts, is adequate. Miss Edna May Oliver is the "drunk lady"—without which, as every child knows, no modern musical show could reach a second performance.

It may be that if you try to whistle the music you will get some of it mixed up with what you heard week before last. Nevertheless, "*An Old-Fashioned Wife*" (who makes a bluff at knitting), "*Till the Clouds Roll By*," "*Rolled Into One*," and "*Nesting Time in Flatbush*" are likely to be with us for many moons. "*Flubby Dub, the Cave Man*," too, is very funny.

And as for the dancing which Miss Dickson contributes to "Oh, Boy!"—oh, girl!

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE LITTLE MAN." A whimsey in one act by John Galsworthy. "MAGIC," comedy in three acts by G. K. Chesterton. Produced on February 12th with this cast:

"THE LITTLE MAN"

A Waiter	Leonard Mudie
An Englishman	Thomas Loudon
An Englishwoman	Miss Meredith
An American Traveller	Walter F. Jones
A German Traveller	Herman Gerold
A Dutch Youth	Arthur Fitzgerald
A Peasant Woman	Nella Jefferis
A Station Official	John Burkell
A Policeman	Roy Mitchell
A Little Man	O. P. Heggie

"MAGIC"

The Stranger	O. P. Heggie
Patricia Carleon	Cathleen Nesbit
The Rev. Cyril Smith	Frank Conroy
Hastings	Leonard Mudie
Dr. Grinthalpe	Thomas Loudon
The Duke	Wallace Erskine
Morris Carleon	Donald Gallaher

MAGIC is an exceptional play. It perfectly satisfies the high brow, always calling for a literary uplift, while the man in the street will find in G. K. Chesterton's maiden stage effort a something the which, if he does not perfectly understand, nevertheless grimly engages him and stirs his imagination to higher things.

That "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy" is a base on which G. K. C. raises a polemical discussion, presented by action and shrewd observation of character that ultimately culminates in the conclusion that faith, abiding faith, must satisfy if not explain.

Technically there are shortcomings in the construction of this play, but its sincerity, earnestness and avowed literary skill overcome the weaknesses that a more expert hand but

less gifted brain might have avoided.

"Magic," with its protagonist, an idealized conjurer, who performs in the stress of professional necessity super-human feats, provides O. P. Heggie with a part which by his innate dignity, pleasing personality, quiet incisive but untheatrical methods he raises to a creation of indubitable power and imaginative grace and beauty.

Admirable in execution is Wallace Erskine as the Duke, the epitome of complacent compromise. Studiously and spiritually perturbed is Frank Conroy's interpretation of the young priest. Thomas Loudon as the agnostic doctor is coldly glittering.

Patricia and Morris Carleon are unfinished sketches but to them Cathleen Nesbitt and Donald Gallaher bring youth and convincing charm.

The production is splendidly attuned to Chesterton's mysticism. Galsworthy's trifle "The Little Man," which serves as a curtain raiser, is a pretty bit of genial sentimentality.

FULTON. "PALS FIRST." Comedy in three acts by Lee Wilson Dodd, from Francis Perry Elliott's novel of the same name. Produced on February 26th with this cast:

Danny	William Courtenay
Dominie	Thos. A. Wise
Uncle Alex	Harry Lewellyn
The Squirrel	Francis X. Conlan
Aunt Caroline	Marion Kerby
Judge Logan	Charles A. Stevenson
Jean	Ann MacDonald
Dr. Chilton	Lyster Chambers
Aunt Alicia	Auriol Lee
Gordon	Lawrence Eddinger
Stivers	James J. Ryan

THE attempt to be overingenious, makes "Pals First" just miss being something better than it is.

It is another "surprise" play. For the purpose of astonishing the audience at the end (the eventual means of explanation are cumbrous) much has to be previously related that only hinders a logical and swift relation of an inherently good theatrical story.

But Lee Wilson Dodd has in the main made an effective comedy from Francis Perry Elliott's novel of the same name. It would not be quite fair to relate the fable in detail. Like "The 13th Chair" no prospective hearer wants to anticipate the dénouement.

Suffice it to say that "Pals First" is the story of two apparent escaped jail birds. The marvellous resemblance of one to an absent Southern landowner, whose place he takes, leads to humorous and melodramatic situations that succeed each other with bewildering rapidity.

William Courtenay and Thomas Wise constitute the well-contrasted pair. Courtenay is debonnaire, alert, resourceful and Wise by his unctuous humor and varied facial expression makes the naughty but attractive old un a human figure of genuine histrionic value.

Francis X. Conlan plays a third figure of the underworld with telling touches of graphic humor. Harry Lewellyn and Marion Kerby were really comic as a couple of aged colored retainers while the bad man of the cast was acted with wise discretion by Lyster Chambers. Ben Johnson, Auriol Lee and Ann MacDonald pleased in minor rôles.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY." Play in three acts by J. M. Barrie. Revived on February 26th with this cast:

Professor Goodwillie	George Arliss
Dr. Cosens	Grant Stewart
Dr. Yellowlees	Arthur Eldred
Miss Agnes Goodwillie	Mrs. Arliss
Lucy White	Jeanne Eagels
Effie Proctor	Molly Pearson
Sir George Gilding, M.P.	Edgar Kent
Lady Gilding	Violet Kemble Cooper
The Dowager Lady Gilding,	Ethel Dane
Henders	Reginald Denny
Pete	Malcolm Morley

THE absent-minded professor is a tradition more ancient than the quack doctor, the subject, indeed, of countless anecdotes since the days of cuneiform inscriptions.

Barrie's recipe was: Take the subject of these anecdotes and make him fall in love. Of course, he'll either not know it or forget it. In any case it will all be funny. And so you have a character comedy.

Barrie's sense of character is always reliable. His powers as a plot-builder, however, at least in 1895, were not so certain. As a result, his story, being clumsy, crowds his character off the stage. We see much of him at first, less later, least toward the end. We keep getting more and more plot. And so the movement of the piece is superb—good—poor. All through that comparatively dull last act I wanted to see George Arliss keep the stage.

Of course, the art of Arliss is deft and exquisite. It is at its best in the long and fascinating pantomime of absent-mindedness in the first act. It was as good as going to "Pierrot." Unusual significance attaches to the succession of Arliss after Warfield at the Knickerbocker. This latest characterization of Barrie's laughable and lovable professor need not fear comparison with that of E. S. Willard when the piece was new.

As the widow with matrimonial

designs on Professor Goodwillie, Ethel Dane acted as if by inspiration from the star. As the fair young secretary with whom the pedagogue was in love but didn't know it for so long, Jeanne Eagels was almost if not quite so successful as Miss Dane. Mrs. Arliss did all that could be done with the thankless rôle of the professor's sister. The rest of the cast was quite satisfactory, Molly Pearson, Reginald Denny, and Malcolm Morley, forming a trio of amusing Scots. The best of Barrie's satirical humor is in their portraiture, but somehow they don't seem to have much to do with the professor's love story.

Barrie's professor is a stock type and almost purely theatrical. Off the stage he couldn't hold his job a week. As a type he is, of course, a caricature—a creature as grossly exaggerated, say, as the picture of me that Mr. Held drew for last month's THEATRE. That Barrie has made from such unpromising material so charming a product is one of the many marvels of Barrie.

CRITERION. "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN." Farce in three acts by Edmund Laurence Burke. Revised by Dorothy Donnelly. Produced on February 12th with this cast:

Joe	M. A. Meyer
Steve	Howard Fay
Assistant Director	Harry Cuscadon
Robert Charlton	Barton Williams
Mr. Frestilla	John Ivan
Mr. Wilson	Robert E. Homans
Johnny Wiggins	Louis Bennison
Bert Whitney	Everett Butterfield
Miss Fluette	Billie Scott
Mme. Chillini	Jane Carlton
Camera Man	Carl Massey
Willie Fritz	Tom K. Corliss
Jerne	Roy Cochrane
Jordan	Lorraine Frost
Pollett	Ralph Nairn
Eliza Burnham	Kate Mayhew
Mrs. Tupper	Rose Winter
Janet	Grace Valentine
Duke of No Moor	Echlin Gayer
Henry Cotter	Edward Poland
John Hilton	Berton Churchill

HAVING in mind the once popular song "Johnny Get Your Gun," I took it for granted that John Cort's new offering would also strike a popular chord which just now seems to be farce or light comedy. This piece is both.

The plot is very thin, but it starts in a new way, showing a moving picture studio where the hero, Johnny Wiggins, after being requested to do impossible things, resigns to help his friend, Bert Whitney, reconquer his lost sweetheart by impersonating her brother, long since disappeared and who is the only one able to stop her marrying a certain Duke of No Moor.

On Long Island we are introduced to real society!!! The plot grows. We meet Janet's aunt, the noble Englishman, the unsavory capitalist, and we hear that Janet, the wealthy heiress is ruined.

The duke finds after all that he was not in love, Wiggins compels the capitalist to hand over the money he stole and the lovers are reunited.

"Johnny Get Your Gun" deserves success if only on account of the well-nigh perfect cast. Above all it brought forward Louis Bennison, whose acting and fine sense of humor made him an immediate favorite. Kate Mayhew, a sort of Mrs. Malaprop, is excellent and so are Grace Valentine, Everett Butterfield, and Echlin Gayer.

HARRIS. "THE BRAT." Comedy in three acts by Maude Fulton. Produced March 5th with this cast:

Timson	John Findlay
Mrs. Pell Forrester	Isabel O'Madigan
Angela Smythe	Charlotte Ives
Jane De Pew	Gertrude Maitland
Bishop Ware	Frank Kingdon
Macmillan Forrester	Lewis S. Stone
Steven Forrester	Edmond Lowe
The Brat	Maude Fulton
Margot, a maid	Gertrude Workman

MISS MAUDE FULTON, as you may remember, is the lady who used to dance where Miss Frances White does now—alongside of Mr. William Shakespeare Rock. Some time ago Miss Fulton decided to emulate Mr. George M. Cohan and cultivate Thalia as well as Terpsichore. Accordingly she wrote a play and had it produced out in Moroscoville—which someone has thoughtlessly nicknamed Los Angeles.

Her play she has threatened more than once this season to introduce to Broadway, but it seems to have taken some time to lick "The Brat" into shape. The final and ultimate result is a new "Peg o' My Heart" with a dash of "Outcast" and a *souçon* of "Pygmalion."

A novelist, seeking types, brings home from night court an ex-member of the "Hippodrome" chorus. There, there, begging was the only charge against her. In six weeks' time her quaint vulgarity has made her very much at home in the great author's household, and she has rescued his younger brother, more or less unconsciously, from the clutches of the Demon Rum. Naturally, when the novelist is about to turn her out into the cruel world again, little brother marries her and carries her off to Wyoming, where the natives will think her Bowery accent pure Fifth Avenue.

Miss Fulton plays the brat with

much vivacity and charm. The fact is, the author has been very generous to her in the matter of mirthful lines. Of course, the humor is of "The Man from Home" breed, in which simple faith puts it all over Norman blood. At one point, too, Miss Fulton dances as delightfully as of old, just to show that she can still do things with her feet as well as with her head.

The supporting company is quite capable. John Findlay, as a typsy butler, evokes gales of laughter. Edmond Lowe makes a strong bid for sympathy as the younger brother who looks upon the wine when it is a light tan. Lewis S. Stone plays with a sure touch the preposterous Harold Bell Wrighter.

What matter if there are holes in the characterization and the probabilities of "The Brat" that you could easily hurl a large Angora through? It is another and slightly different Peg for Mr. Morosco to hang his prosperity on. And my hat is off to the little dancing girl who can do so much more than just dance.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "THE WILLOW TREE." Japanese fantasy in three acts by Benrimo and Harrison Rhodes. Produced March 6th with this cast:

Nogo	Arvid Paulson
Kimura	Harold De Becker
Geoffrey Fuller	Harold Vosburgh
Edward Hamilton	Shelley Hull
John Charles Goto	Richard Taber
Tomotada	George W. Wilson
The Image	Fay Bainter
A Bird Seller	S. Hatakenaka
A Priest	Darrel Vinton
A Fish Seller	Richard Taber
A Street Singer	Mrs. Thomas A. Wise
Mary Temple	Fay Bainter

HOW I wished at the Cohan and Harris Theatre the other night that Benrimo, as an author, had been as expert as Benrimo, the producer and deviser of stage effects!

With Harrison Rhodes he has written a three-act fantasy of Japan called "The Willow Tree," an Occidental setting of the old Galatea legend. The Image this time, carved from the heart of the willow, comes into being as in Pygmalion and Galatea, Niobe, et al., naively descants on life, learns much in a brief time and finally sacrifices herself that her owner, who has fallen under her spell, may return to England, wed the girl he parted from and serve his king in the great war.

A pretty graceful poetical subject, which the authors have overloaded with a superfluity of words and a wealth of suggestive but tedious detail. If an hour of action were boldly

(Concluded on page 248)

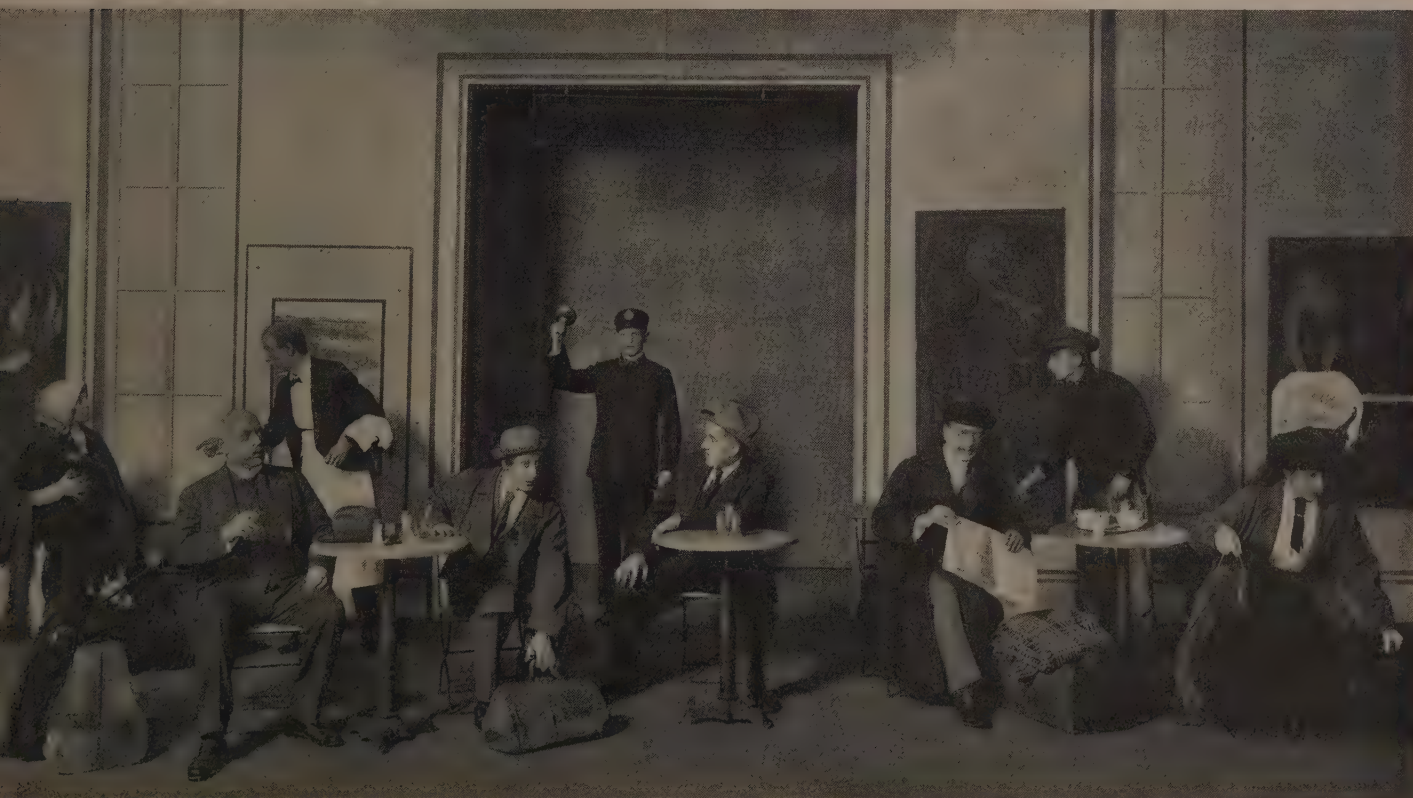


Photos White O. P. Heggie and Cathleen Nesbitt in Chesterton's "Magic"



Mr. Heggie and Miss Nesbitt in another scene from "Magic"

"Magic" is a miracle play, the theme dealing with the mysterious workings of spiritual forces in a material world. The miracle is performed by a professional conjuror who, scoffed at by an insolent young atheist, summons a demon out of the spirit world. The youth is made nearly insane by the experience, but the conjuror finally saves his life



Scene in Galsworthy's play, "The Little Man"

The sketch deals with the universal brotherhood of man. A number of travellers who meet in a railway station in Austria discuss the conflicting views of men of different countries and creeds. There is a test of human kindness when a poor peasant's baby, supposed to be suffering from typhus, is left at the travellers' mercy

ENGLAND WELL REPRESENTED AT THE MAXINE ELLIOTT THEATRE

THE "ART" OF THE MOTION PICTURE

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON



THERE has been a great deal of ink spilled concerning "the art of the motion picture" alike by practitioners of this "art" and by writers of varying degrees of capacity, from poets and press agents to the late Professor Münsterberg. The verdict is, that it is a wonderful, new art, and we are led to expect a masterpiece at any moment.

Sometimes I am reminded of what Dr. Crothers said about the pirate treasure supposed to be buried in the Lynn Woods, and diligently searched for by our ancestors. Undoubtedly, he declared, the gold was there, because the fact that none had ever been found proved the woods a capital place for concealment!

There must be a masterpiece lurking in the movies, since none has ever come out.

Among the timid few who do not venture to deny that the movies are mighty and have prevailed, that the manufacturing of them is our fourth largest "industry," and that they exert a social influence perhaps beyond any single form of amusement yet devised, but who nevertheless cannot admit them to the chosen company of art products, there has been some speculation as to the reason for this debarment.

Certainly, a film drama tells a story, by means of pantomime, picture, and even a little print—and the telling of a story, even in pantomime, can conceivably be an art process, an individual creation by the narrator. The film dramas are brought before the spectator by means of photography, and the day has long passed when it would do to deny the possibilities of artistic creation to the photographer.



YET this combination of camera and pantomime story known as the motion picture has produced nothing which a careful critic can dignify as art. Careless criticism, of course, has again and again confused the actual scene with the creative process, and spoken of the beauty "achieved" by the motion picture camera when all that has been done was to enact the pantomime in some pretty meadow or by the margin of the sea. There is no more art in this than in one of those fascinating railroad folders picturing Glacier National Park.

And so far as the pantomime, the narrative, is concerned, either the effect achieved is of so low an order that we must regard it as negligible in the discussion of a new art in the twentieth century (a Charlie Chaplin "comic," for example), or else it is an absurd jumble of bathos, conventionality and the mock heroics of the dime novel—in other words, something stereotyped, not creative and spontaneous.

Such are the facts, as they are seen by those who will not permit the enormous social spread of the movies to blind them to the fact that all which entertains is not necessarily art. But that they should remain the facts in spite of the thousands of men and women engaged in writing, acting, photographing motion picture dramas, that out of this army of workers no true creative artist has emerged, is a phenomenon worth considering by the student of aesthetics, even if he has to attend the movie theatres to make his observations!

Personally, I never came upon a wholly satisfactory clew until a chance remark by Gordon Craig brought sudden enlightenment—as chance remarks of Gordon Craig's so often have a way

of doing. Nor is Craig scornful of the "cinema," as he, of course, calls the motion picture drama. "I love it," he says, possibly with slight exaggeration. Certainly, he is familiar with its workings, and he can speak with some authority as a student of aesthetics. His sentence which seems to me to throw such light on the problem is this:

"The worst of the cinema is that one man's work resembles the work of all the others."



DOESN'T that casual remark after all penetrate to the heart of the matter?

Certainly it cannot be denied that one man's work is like the work of all the others. The film dramas may vary in narrative interest, in speed, smoothness, subject matter. But can you say that the drama of one author has an original style-note which distinguishes his work, which sets it apart?

Can you (and from Mr. Craig's viewpoint this is probably more important) say that the productions of one director, even the mighty Griffith, have a style-note, an originality, uniquely distinguishing them, setting them apart from all others? If you had been led blindfolded into the Lyric Theatre on West 42nd Street and shown one of the palace scenes from "A Daughter of the Gods," and then taken across the street and shown one of the palace scenes from "Intolerance," could you in all honesty have said that one was by Griffith and the other not, or told which was the Griffith film?

Is there anything in either film which could not be transferred bodily into any other film on a similar theme without any sense of violated style, of startling contrast?

It must be confessed there is nothing. The process of motion picture photography and projection reduces all work to a level of sameness.

In other words, "one man's work resembles all the others," there is no communicated sense of originality, of a unique personality—and hence there is no art.

A stage set by Gordon Craig, by Robert Jones, even by David Belasco, may vary in the intensity of its originality, in the order named, but each will communicate to the beholder the artist's sense of color and rhythm, and the artist's sense, too, of the mood of the play. A design for "Hamlet" or "Rosmersholm" by Mr. Craig tells us something of his reaction to those dramas.

Mr. Belasco's room for "Peter Grimm" certainly set the key for that play as surely as when the leader of a glee club taps his tuning fork on the piano rim.

But with the rapid lens of the motion picture camera pointed in a hard light at actuality, and the tiny film, too small to "doctor," reproducing only in two dimensions and in harsh blacks and whites, nothing of the kind is possible—at least, it is not possible until the pirate gold is discovered in the Lynn Woods.



SIMILARLY, the narrator of a story by his own words or his own gestures may communicate the sense of personality, he may create something unique. If those words have to be entrusted to others to speak, or those gestures to others to make, a second element enters in to complicate matters, it is true, and conceivably his

uniqueness may be lost. But if his work be genuinely creative, original, it is more likely that under able guidance its effect will be heightened.

Hamlet lives most fully for most of us when Booth plays him, and between such pantomimes as "Sumurun" and "Pierrot the Prodigal" who could make any confusion? Each creates its atmosphere, its mood, each is a highly flavored, individual work of art—the former, to be sure, more perhaps the work of its stage director, Max Reinhardt, than of its author, but at any rate unique.

But it is inherent in the process of making motion pictures—again until gold is discovered in the Lynn Woods—that the communicating or, rather, the enkindling power of words be lost entirely, and the communicating power of gesture and bodily expressiveness be reduced to a mechanical formula.

The flow of the film is inexorable. Click, click, click, so many little static photographs a foot, mere segments of a natural rhythm strung together into a too often ludicrous semblance of reality. You have only to watch a motion picture of a dance to realize the tremendous gulf between art and the motion picture attempt at art.

We need not here concern ourselves with the fact that the motion picture, without language, is inevitably limited in its intellectual appeal. That is not a fundamental question of art, but only of the relative importance of two grades of art. A pantomimic narration of a simple tale may be art, if it imparts the sense of originality of uniqueness, if it lives its own individual life out and persuades us of its authenticity.

But the movies do not so persuade us. As Mr. Craig says, they are all alike. The interposition of a mechanical process to break up the flow of nature, the substitution of conventionalized movement and expression for the living personality, is what appears to be an insurmountable barrier.



CONSIDER for a moment the two pantomimes already contrasted, "Sumurun" and "Pierrot the Prodigal." When Pierrot pursues the fly at the beginning of the second act, in delicate rhythmic accord with the delicate and humorous music, and in a room warm with velvet and filmy with lace, we seem to have the essence of a style.

When, on the other hand, in "Sumurun" the beautiful slave lies in the exotic bed of the Sheikh, against a murky backing of black curtains, and up through the floor, clutching the stair rail, comes the chalk-white hand of the avenging jester, we have the essence of another style.

Who can say, exactly, what part music plays in each moment, and the perfect rhythmic accord between gesture and music, and the subtle play of lights, and the warmth of color, and, in "Sumurun," the crafty manipulation of sinister shadows? We can only say that each lives out its authentic individual life, and not a single bar of music, not a single gesture or color or episode, could be transferred from the one piece to the other. Such a thing is unthinkable.

Yet what two motion pictures have you ever seen that were not at some point interchangeable, in style if their themes were contrasted, in actual incident if their themes were similar? Whether this is inevitable is not, perhaps, for the critic to say. He only (Concluded on page 248)



ADELE HADDON

A discovery of Victor Herbert, in whose piece, "The Only Girl," she has won praise not only in New York, but all over the country

oto Witsel

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

Film star who is to be featured in "The Twisted Thread," a fifteen episode serial by H. M. Horkheimer, and a forthcoming Balboa-Pathé release



© Aime Dupont

GERALDINE FARRAR

In her newest characterization, Thais, in Massenet's opera of that name, which was recently heard again in New York at the Metropolitan



Scene in "The Honor System," the gigantic film play depicting prison problems at the Lyric



Moody

NILA MAC

Who as Amy, in both the vaudeville and screen productions of "War Brides" with Mme. Nazimova, achieved substantial success. Miss Mac is well known in the West, where she has appeared in leading rôles

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS



I FIND myself, as I sit down to write the true story of my fair young life for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, resembling, in at least two respects, the hero martyr of other days, Nathan Hale.

At the moment when peril glares angrily into the eyes of our country, I am ready as was Hale to fight for the life of American principles in America, and like the same strong spirit, I only regret that I have but one life to write. The one I have is really not worth writing about.

The "reminiscences" of my career will make brief and sketchy reading, for I have been too busy to crowd a reminiscence into any of my sixteen years on the stage. However, I suppose when the editor says "Camera, Ready, SHOOT," there is no use in putting up a kick, so here goes.

I was born in Denver, Colo., on a particularly bright and sunny morning in May, 1883. It was the proud ambition of my parents to see me a mining king, and to that end after graduating from the Denver High School, Jarvis Military Academy and other centres of learning in the Colorado metropolis, I was sent to the School of Mines, in Boulder.

Before I learned much about the science, art and ethics of mining, I saw Frederick Warde in his repertoire of classic plays, and after viewing that actor's performance decided that as a mere capitalist I should be wasting my time. The call of the higher drama lured me all the way to Richmond, Va., where I made my first appearance with Mr. Warde's company in the rôle of Francois in "Richelieu."



IN this character, and in that of Florio in "The Duke's Jester," which followed, I failed to make any perceptible dent in the classic drama, but I probably wore the most astonishing costumes ever beheld on the native stage, being fitted out by a well meaning but misguided wardrobe mistress in odds and ends of ancient, modern and mediæval garb.

So effectually did my costumes succeed in breaking up the actors and actresses who happened to be on the stage whenever I made my entrance, that Mr. Warde released me without visible signs of pain, to join Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "Her Lord and Master," the next season.

This engagement brought me to New York, where I made my first bow in the Kelcey-Shannon company at the Manhattan Theatre on March 3, 1902.

I cannot say that Fame seemed to come my way in galloping bounds in this engagement, but I managed to hold down my engagement until the end of the season. Then I played in the support of Miss Minnie Dupree who had the courage to cast me for the rôle of Philip de la Noye in "A Rose of Plymouth Town." The following season found me doing my best with Miss Alice Fischer in the part of Charlie Banastar in "Mrs. Jack."

The season of 1903-4 brought me to the Lyric Theatre in New York with Wilton Lackaye in W. A. Brady's stirring production of "The Pit," a dramatization of Frank Norris' big American novel, which was supposed to be based upon incidents connected with the celebrated battle of Joseph Leiter against the whole army of brother speculators in the "wheat pit" on the Chicago

Exchange. From the wheat pit I went to sea, as it were, appearing in May, 1904, as Jack Jolly in "Two Little Sailor Boys" at the Academy of Music.

In January of 1905 I opened with Jefferson de Angelis at the Lyric Theatre in "Fantana." There was no wheat pit in "Fantana," and I soon quit the rôle of Fred Everett in Mr. de Angelis' support, and changed my name to "Benny



Ira L. Hill

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

His latest photograph

Tucker," which part I played in a piece called "Frenzied Finance," produced at the Princess Theatre (the old Princess on Broadway, not the present theatre in Thirty-ninth Street) in April of the same year. This was rather a busy and varied season, since "Frenzied Finance" failed to achieve a long run and later on I played a part in a piece called "As Ye Sow."

An engagement at Elitch's Gardens, in Denver, followed. In my home town I played a number of unimportant parts as a member of the stock company that was a fixture at Elitch's—a company in which every Denver actor is expected to appear at least once in his career. The Denver engagement was followed by a season in the support of Grace George in "Clothes," a play by Avery Hopwood and Channing Pollock which was written almost simultaneously with Mrs. Wharton's similar conceit in "A House of Mirth" which was produced as a play at about the same time.

"Clothes" ran out a season, I believe, and then came a big milestone in my road. I was cast for the part of Perry Carter Wainwright in Broadhurst's play "The Man of the Hour" with Holbrook Blinn as Alwyn Bennett—the titular rôle. This was the first of those brisk, breezy parts that a young chap always likes to play, which had ever been entrusted to me, and getting a

chance to play it was a big thing for so young an actor as I. I have spoken of the part in "The Man of the Hour," as being a great thing to capture; but it was while playing in this part that I made the luckiest capture of my life; for in July, 1907, I married Miss Beth Sully, the fine girl who has gone the rest of the road with me.

I see they are tearing down the old Bijou Theatre at the present moment. That's a pity, for this house which others describe as a fire trap, a dingy old catacomb, and which I believe, held the undisputed championship as the shabbiest and most inconveniently arranged theatre in New York, always shines with a radiant gleam to my eyes, since it was here that I began a new chapter in my professional life and became a "star." The date of this event was August 20, 1908. "All for a Girl" was the title of the piece, and I played the part of a speedy young chap named Harold Jepson. I regret to state as a chill and bitter fact that Harold's speed took him straight off the boards, and after a brief run of a month, "All For a Girl" gave place to "A Gentleman from Mississippi" in which I was co-star with "Tom" Wise, who wrote the play in collaboration with Harrison Rhoades.

In 1910 "The Cub" gave me the rôle of Steve Oldham, and this part was followed in May, 1911, by the part of "Philosopher Jack" in the "all-star" revival of "The Lights o' London" at the Lyric Theatre.

In the following August, I was assigned the rôle of Edgar Willoughby Pitt in "A Gentleman of Leisure" at the Playhouse, and when I relinquished that part it was to appear under the management of my good friends, Messrs. Cohan and Harris, in "Officer 666." Travers Gladwin was the name of the pestered hero in that farce, and I created the rôle in Chicago at the Grand Opera House in March, 1912, afterwards following Wallace Eddinger in the New York production at the Gaiety Theatre.



PERHAPS it would not be out of place to pause here for a moment to maintain that Mr. Cohan has nothing on me, in the matter of star spangled patriotism. To be sure I have never written songs about the good old flag, nor have my friends ever encouraged me to sing ditties regarding it; but proud parents have solemnly declared that the first articulate utterance of my infant lips was an emphatic "d-a-a-a" which any parent knows means "flag" and it is most religiously believed in the intimacy of our family circle, that I invariably howled and roared with all the vigor of which my infant lungs were capable whenever any attempt was made to rob my cradle of a small American flag which I cherished as my most precious belonging.

It is a poor sort of American who fails to thrill to the call of his flag to-day, and for that flag and the freedom, the liberty, the brotherhood which it represents, I am ready to abandon my profession should the need arise and with all my strength, all my power and the deepest conviction of which I am capable, I am ready to fight until it waves triumphantly as a symbol of the splendid America which our fathers founded and fought for in '76.

But to return to the field of reminiscence.

"Hawthorne U. S. A.," was the next vehicle in which I appeared as star, and it was Hawthorne

which brought me down to the close of 1912.

After that engagement, I appeared with William H. Crane, Amelia Bingham and other sterling players in a star revival of Bronson Howard's master play "The Henrietta" brought up to date by Winchell Smith. A short engagement in "He Comes Up Smiling" and one or two brief seasons in other pieces, together with a four weeks' flyer in vaudeville where I tried out a tabloid version of "A Regular Business Man," brought me down to my present engagement in the screen drama.

In the "movies" I have found the most interesting and adequate dramatic expression of my career. I have known numbers of fine players who feel called upon to speak apologetically of their appearance as screen players. I am not of these. I believe that in the field of the silent drama, we have found a new medium of expression that is yet in its infancy, but that has already created new standards in audiences, and new audiences as well, for the legitimate theatre.

The camera has brought to the far out lying territories of all countries, graphic reproductions of spoken plays set in magnificent and appropriate surroundings, at a price which has familiarized the small town man and woman with the work of the big dramatists and the big players. With Sarah Bernhardt, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, E. H. Sothern, Maxine Elliott, George M. Cohan, John Barrymore, William Courtenay, W. H. Crane, the incomparable Mary Garden, besides such stars as Fannie Ward, Marguerite Clark, De Wolf Hopper, Nazimova, John Mason and a half hundred other eminent artists whom I could mention, bringing their energy and enthusiasm to the screen, there is no longer any excuse for failure to recognize the dignity of the photoplay, as it exists to-day. And I hold to a firm conviction that the photographic drama of 1917 holds the same relation to the "movie" of coming seasons that the melodrama presented by Al. H. Woods twenty years ago when "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl," and "The Queen of the Opium Ring" measured the taste of audiences,



Baby Douglas at two



Douglas Fairbanks at ten years old

bears to the productions made by Mr. Woods of high type melodrama to-day.

I cite Mr. Woods as one manager who has moved along in always upward lines, as I fully believe the photo drama is moving, and must move if it is to survive.

And because I believe in progress, I am glad to ally myself with that branch of the drama that is most vibrant with life—most quiveringly alert to the thought, the meaning and the message of the hour, and that is reaching with the most eager grasp and the widest vision, out into the three great fields where the active life of to-day and to-morrow finds expression: the picture plays that educate, picture plays that bring home to audiences the great, big problems with which moralists, religionists, scientists and nations at war are grappling, and picture plays that throb with big drama.

In the latter field the speaking actor, and the newly developed school of screen actor will find their place, and the survival of the silent drama depends upon the quality of endeavor brought to its interpretation.

There's plenty of fun, plenty of excitement in the motion picture game. Sometimes I've been caught in pretty tight places. It seems touch and go at the time, but we get through somehow and then we have a good laugh at the experience. We took "The Americano" in Mexico a few months ago. The conditions down there are not ideal exactly. We had a hard time. The fights one sees in the pictures were on the level, with real Mexicans playing the other parts. I got a few good punches with my fists before it came to guns. I said "America first," and I don't think we suffered much.

Talk about excitement, in the big fight scene, which takes place in a cell after I rescue the Presidente, my opponent, a full-blooded Mexican, was instructed by the translator, to put up a real fight—and he did. Ten minutes after the camera stopped turning the same Mexican was caught knife in hand by a military officer and his staff, who were acting as our guides.

In a scene of "The Americano," it was my business to communicate with a lady, who was held prisoner in her room by the revolutionists. About fourteen feet from the balcony, was the top of a tree, forty feet high. I climbed to the top of the tree, and stood in a crotch formed by two branches, got the thing swaying forward and backward, and at the right moment, when about six feet from the house, I jumped, caught at the coping of the balcony, and drew myself up, hat in hand, at the window of the astonished lady's boudoir. If I'd missed the ledge, I never would have lived to tell the tale.

During the production of "American Aristocracy," filmed in and around Watchill, Rhode Island, one of the scenes called for me to jump from the mast of a schooner to the water, rescue the girl, and bring her to shore.

I received my cue, made a diving leap to the



At twenty-one, when he began his career



At the time he appeared in "The Pit"



At twenty-three in "The Man of the Hour"

water, searched for the heroine, but, as we would say on the Bowery, "nothin' doing." I then learned that at the last moment the girl showed the greatest fear for the water and positively refused to proceed. The scene had to be postponed until another actress, replying to a hurry call, came from New York. The real calamity occurred when the new girl arrived. She threw herself bravely into the water, immediately sank and almost drowned before I could reach her. We had to try four other girls after that and only the sixth proved efficient. Finally, the rescue scene was recorded on the films to everyone's satisfaction.

At the present moment, we are witnessing a wonderful development of the screen drama, in the pictures (these are to be listed in the educational class) of scenes created by the stress of the present war. The horror of it, the magnificent devotion of the men and women who help their cause by work in the ambulance and hospital division, the whole pictured exposition of the new science of war, is a record whose value cannot be estimated. And the man who can see these scenes before his eyes—but this is not properly reminiscence. However, I cannot close without taking my stand beside the camera which has done its share in waking our country to the

dangers of a cowardly, un-American peace, and declaring again that as a man, and as a camera actor I am ready to fight for the cause that thrills everyone who sees the story of America's perils on the screen and has the need of the hour brought home to him with a truth, a force, a realism impossible in the spoken drama, and justifying at a glance the existence of the cinema as the reflection of the perils of the hour.

And when the full meaning of the present crisis is brought home to thinking Americans through the medium of the screen I feel sure enough of my countrymen, as I feel sure enough of myself to say with all of them: I am ready to fight!

FRENCH ACTOR—MANAGER VIEWS OUR STAGE



IF the monstrous conflict that is now putting half Europe in mourning has nothing else to its credit, it has at least sent to our shores a number of foreign artists of distinction who, but for the war, which has temporarily paralyzed all artistic activities abroad, we might never have had an opportunity of seeing.

The newest arrival among these distinguished visitors to America is M. Jean Janvier, the well-known French actor who helped M. Antoine make a success of the famous Théâtre Libre, the prototype and forerunner of all the little intimate theatres now so much in vogue in this country. M. Janvier began his career with Antoine and then went to the Government-subsidized Théâtre de l'Odéon, where he had fourteen years of invaluable training and experience in every branch of his art. From the Odéon, he passed to the Vaudeville and the Gymnase. Since those early days, M. Janvier's reputation has grown rapidly, not only as a versatile and clever actor, but also as a successful manager and stage director. It was he who organized the Théâtre des Arts in Paris, another playhouse patterned somewhat on the model of the Théâtre Libre, but even bolder in its departures from theatrical tradition, and more recently, by special appointment of Czar Nicholas, he has held the highly coveted post of artistic director of the Imperial French theatres in Petrograd. When the war broke out, he joined his regiment and saw fighting in the trenches where he had all sorts of thrilling adventures and several narrow escapes from death. His dexterity and long experience with the cinematograph was quickly recognized by the authorities and he was given charge of the military motion picture work. Now he has been sent here on a mission from the French government to lecture, for propaganda purposes, on the various phases of the French campaign. He has already delivered several addresses in New York and Boston—some in private homes—each lecture being illustrated with films of extraordinary interest of his own taking.

In personal appearance, M. Janvier is of the American rather than of the conventional French type. Above the average height, spare in build, clean shaven, with good features and a mobile, intellectual face that is neither too serious nor too smiling, dark hair, just beginning to turn grey, he looks at first glance the typical American professional man, suggesting the lawyer or physician. The pose and artificiality of manner some artists like to affect is noticeably absent. He is modest in talking of his own achievements and direct and forceful in speech.

"There has been little opportunity for acting since the war broke out," he said the other day to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative. "Our best actors are away fighting for their country,

and just now the Paris public is little in the mood for theatre-going. Of late years, I have given more of my attention to theatre management. I organized the Théâtre des Arts for M. Rouché. It was an interesting experiment and quite a successful one. The theatre, as you perhaps know, was the shabby old Batignolles theatre, made over. We did a number of interesting plays and attracted to Batignolles some of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled at one time in a Parisian playhouse. I was director of the theatre for three years. One of the novelties we produced was George Bernard Shaw's 'Candida.' That was the first time a Shaw play had ever been seen by a Paris public. 'Candida' had fifteen performances. Shaw's other play, 'Mrs. Warren's Profession,' was more popular. That piece was given one hundred and fifty times. Another Shaw play, 'You Never Can Tell,' was not a success. We were also the first to present



JEAN JANVIER

Well-known French actor-manager sent to America on a mission from the French government to lecture about the war

before a French audience a typical American play, William Vaughn Moody's play, 'The Great Divide' which was produced there under my direction. The play was only a partial success. The audience failed to understand it, although its literary quality was appreciated."

"What do you think of our American plays—among those, for instance, now running on Broadway?"

M. Janvier shrugged his shoulders.

"Most of the plays I have seen are very crude. Take 'The Thirteenth Chair' for example. The theme and manner in which it is worked out is

positively childish. You have some capable actors, but most of them seem to be lacking both in *finesse* and experience. I mean the proper training seems missing. Yet you have some excellent artists. In 'The Great Divide' I noticed particularly Mrs. Whiffen who plays the mother. Her acting at once impressed me as that of an actress schooled in the best traditions."

"I suppose you are very proud of your Théâtre Français here?"

Again that significant shrug.

"Not very," he smiled. "I don't know," he went on, "why they style themselves le Théâtre Français des Etats Unis. If they mean by that that the company deserves comparison with the Comédie Française, it is a ridiculous claim. I'm sorry to say I was greatly disappointed both in the acting and in the way everything was done at this so-called Théâtre Français. It would be pleasant to speak well of the work of compatriots in a foreign country, but if I praised where praise was not due I should be false to myself. The truth is that the self-styled Théâtre Français now giving performances here is not worthy of France. There are capable actors in the company and this material, if properly handled, might produce the best results. But there seems to be no directing head. The scenery and mise-en-scène is of the crudest description. The stage management leaves much to be desired. The repertoire is stale and uninteresting. No Frenchman can be proud of this organization. To say it is representative of the best French dramatic art is absurd."

"Would it not be possible to maintain permanently in New York a French company worthy to represent the House of Molière?"

"It is quite feasible and if properly done I think it would be a successful venture. Among your wealthy and cultured classes there is a large public greatly interested in French literature. No doubt they would rally to the support of such an institution. But to be worthy of this patronage everything about the theatre should be done in a first-class manner. Its actors, its plays, its *mise-en-scène*, should be of the best. It should be no irresponsible flash in the pan. The actors should be Parisian players of the first rank, the stage settings must be the richest procurable, the repertoire should include all the novelties. For instance, there is 'Les Petits' by Nepoté. That play has made a big sensation in Paris. Why has it not been seen here yet? Then there is 'Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard' an exquisitely funny farce by M. Frondaie. Why have you not seen that in New York?"

"It would be the duty of a Théâtre Français, properly conducted, to play these novelties here simultaneously with their Paris production."



Photos White

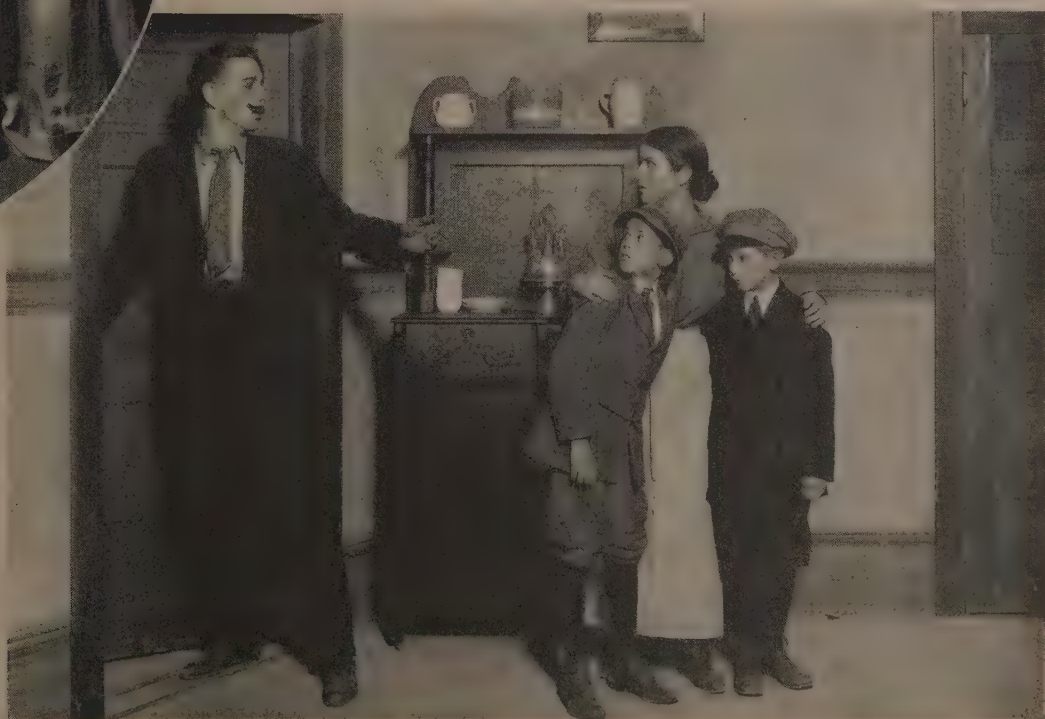
Ensemble of "The Hero of Santa Maria," a comedy by Kenneth Goodman and Ben Hecht



Margaret Mower and Gwladys Wynne in Maeterlinck's "The Death of Tintagiles"



Helen Westley, Noel Haddon, Frank Longacre and Katharine Cornell in "The Death of Tintagiles"



Arthur E. Hohl, Nicholas Long, Marjorie Vonnegut and Frank Longacre in Bosworth Crocker's play, "The Last Straw"

SCENES IN THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS' NEW BILL

ACTS AND ARTISTES IN VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL



THE short month of February brought three well-known names into vaudeville: Clare Kummer, Joseph Urban and Mlle. Dazie. The dancer needs no introduction; nor does the artist of the stage scene. Miss Kummer's two successes this season on the legitimate stage, "Good Gracious Annabelle" and "A Successful Calamity," make her a conspicuous figure in the world of dramatics. Her entrance into vaudeville is made hand in hand with Sallie Fisher. And as in "Good Gracious Annabelle" the star and the author are well mated.

"The Choir Rehearsal" is the title of the sketch; it gives Miss Kummer, who was formerly a song composer, an opportunity to introduce a song, and it gives Miss Fisher a chance to sing. And quite aside from the vocal display, there is a real plot about a girl of the hoopskirt period, who was so irreligious as to sing a secular song—worse yet, a love song—as a church solo! When she was rebuked by the elders and "prayed for" right out loud in meeting, and the young minister was dismissed, why she stayed away from church! That is, until the new young minister explained to her that it was all right, that love and religion were the same thing, and he proceeded to save her soul by a proposal. Delicious whimsy—as sweet and wholesome as "Way Down East" and other plays of the days when sex was not analyzed in the glare of the spotlight. Delightfully played by Sallie Fisher whose forte is hoopskirts and rôles of youthful innocence. The company of five were well selected for type; and the staging of the piece with cottage organ, corner what-not and hair cloth chairs was artistic and convincingly 1879.

Mlle. Dazie, one of the supreme artistes of the ballet, brings forward this season her most pretentious production. A pantomimic dance in five scenes with four beautiful stage settings, it is called "The Garden of Punchinello." The classic figures, Punchinello, Harlequin, Columbine, Pierrot and Pierrette enact a comedy that becomes a tragedy, a jest that becomes sober earnest. It is the old tale of a flirtation; Columbine makes eyes at Pierrot, and when her Harlequin discovers her in the arms of his rival, he challenges him. Columbine, rushing between them, receives the thrust and is mortally wounded. This is the story set forth as the dream of a little girl discovered at play with her dolls, a device which gives opportunity for the charming opening scene of Dazie playing with toy Columbine, Punchinello, Pierrot and the other characters that appear in her dream. Thus, too, a happy ending is made possible, the last scene where the little girl awakes. Overjoyed to find all the trouble a fantasy of slumberland, Dazie jumps up and merrily dances to a modern ragtime tune. This jaunty bit of dance contrast caps the act just right for vaudeville, as vaudeville likes the artistic with a sugar coating of the popular, and enjoys the beautiful much more if thoroughly convinced it isn't "high brow."

Urban scenery in vaudeville! Brand new scenery especially designed for it, not a last year's "Follies" drop (although even that is not unacceptable)! Three brand new full stage sets and a beautiful front curtain from the master designer recommend the Ruth Thomas dancing act, "Stories Without Words," which was a February feature. Miss Thomas is new to vaudeville but she has lavishly endeavored to ensure her welcome by presenting what variety wiseacres declare is the most costly production ever made for the two-a-day. Dancing is the excuse for the act, but pictorial beauty is the chief effect.

A curtain of that vivid blue which has been used so frequently by Mr. Urban as almost to bear his name and be called "Urban blue," forms the back drop of all three of the settings. The first, for the number called "The Nymphs," is a colorist's conception of a Greek garden, with Grecian urn as a centrepiece and three flame-hued pillars glowing against the sapphire sky. The dancers in graceful chiffon draperies repeated the familiar but always delightful Greek poses and bacchanales.



CHINA inspired the second setting. "The Yellow Feather" is the number which is reminiscent of "The Yellow Jacket" in name only. Picturesque trees stamp their gnarled outlines on the sky; a bridge of yellow ochre arches the centre of the stage and over it patter the dancers clad in brilliant satin jackets and chiffon pajamas such as China never dreamed of. The dance tells a melodramatic tale of Lord High Executioners, sword duels and sudden death—but nobody follows the plot. The shifting combinations of color are sufficient entertainment.

"A Stolen Idol" is the final and climatic riot of color. Again the locale is a garden; this time a Persian garden in the period of Scheherazade. A barred gate fronting the sky has a magnificent halo of mosaic. Rose trees are clotted on either side. And the throng that dances with Russian frenzy, if not Russian grace, is dressed in the

bizarre brilliance made fashionable by Monsieur Bakst. Brief magenta skirts and a feather head-dress adorn Miss Ruth Thomas. She is like a chic tropic bird, a sort of combined Ann Pennington and Flore Revalles—that is pictorially; her dancing is pleasing but in no way remarkable. Mr. Stafford Pemberton is the chief male dancer and maintains his usual high standard. La Sylphe contributes a single solo dance—a Persian cymbal dance with many weird effects. Mr. Joseph Hart is programed as producer; Mr. S. Jay Kaufman is author of this delightful dramatic dance scenario.

Star of many legitimate productions, for the past two seasons in that most successful comedy, "The New Henrietta," Miss Amelia Bingham makes her reappearance in vaudeville in this famous "Great Moments from Great Plays." Appropriate to these war times, she presents a two scene excerpt from "Joan of Arc" prefacing her portrayal with a brief announcement that this famous martyr has recently been declared by the church a patron Saint of France. The prison and the execution were the scenes presented; Joan refuses to sign a false confession, and true to her church and to her faith goes to her death in the flames. With her well-known fervor and power, Miss Bingham flung out the heroine's valiant words and swept through the impressive situations to the pathetic finish, rousing the audience to a tumult of applause. There is no vaudeville favorite more firmly entrenched in the affections of two-a-day patrons than Miss Bingham.

Worthy of note is the hold that McIntyre and Heath have upon the public after their thirty-nine years of team work. Their vehicles are not new—half the audiences knows what the next line is before it is spoken. But they all want to hear it. Like an old tune, they enjoy the familiarity. "On Guard," which served these geniuses of blackface for their second week at the Palace, is one of their oldest skits, and it has furnished lines to half the acts which were patterned after it. But with James McIntyre and T. K. Heath in their original rôles the piece has perennial charm. As a box office attraction and as applause winners, they are still in vaudeville's front ranks.

Turning to a problem play of to-day Miss Ethel Clifton presents one of the triangle species with the intriguing title. "The Saint and the Sinner," and plays the part of "the Sinner" herself. Being author of the playlet, Miss Clifton holds a brief for the alleged sinful one and makes out a very good case. Only two thirds of the triangle are present on the stage, the Wife and the Sweetheart. Their meeting is brought about by the Wife, who has given out the report that the Man is seriously ill, although in truth he is in no danger. As the Wife foresaw, the Girl is frightened and invades his home for a last farewell. There the Wife confronts her, and the Girl—well, she bravely stood her ground and told the Wife all she wanted to know and more.



Photo Matzene

MILLE DAZIE

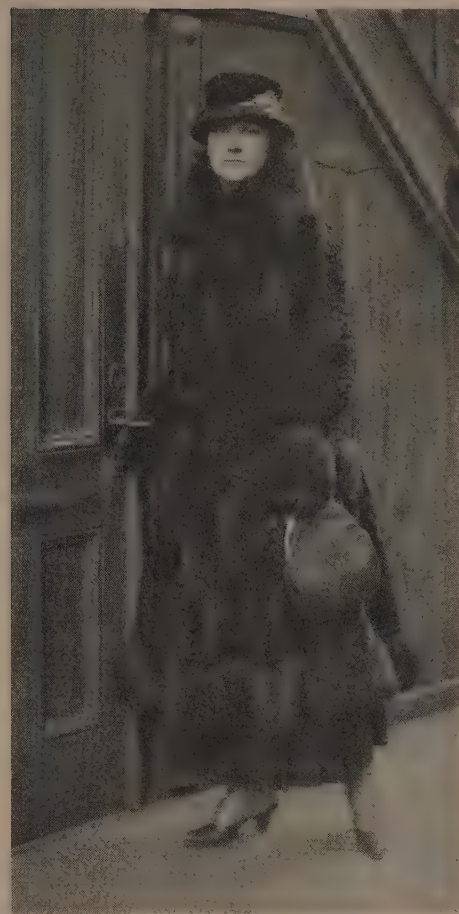
Who is offering to vaudeville audiences a pantomimic dance production entitled "The Garden of Punchinello"



Photos Press Illustrating
LAURETTE TAYLOR
At the Globe



DAVID WARFIELD
At the Knickerbocker



JULIA ARTHUR
At the Criterion



RUTH CHATTERTON
At the Cohan



SAM BERNARD
At the Century



NAZIMOVA
At the Princess

To the layman there is a glamour around the world of the stage that makes the players seem different from ordinary beings. But as these pictures, snapped as the stars were about to enter the stage door, attest, they are just like plain you and me

READY FOR THE MATINEE—STARS AT THE STAGE DOOR

SOME TRUTHS I HAVE MET

By WILLIAM COLLIER



"Truth is so beautiful,
If only people will believe it."

SO ran the lines of a song that was popular in a musical comedy a few years ago, and while the lyrics were good, I have come to the conclusion that they were far from truthful.

People do believe the truth—and what is more, from a theatrical standpoint, they demand it!

When Mr. and Mrs. Average Theatre-goer put on their best clothes and start out for an evening at the play, they like to know that they are going to see a production reflecting real life—that is, excepting the evening they go to see a musical show and then his motives and her's are very different. It may be on a non-musical show night that she has picked out some teary drama to weep over, or he has chosen the smartest farce—it matters not the next day so long as they have seen some story that was true—at least based on a truth.

Just about this minute the majority of readers are going to rise up and say that while there may be some truth in most dramas—farces and comedies are all lies. Are they? Did you ever see a farce that "got across" that wasn't founded on something that *could* happen, even though it did not happen often enough to make the situation common. The plot of the play may not be probable—but it absolutely has to be possible. Take my latest play, "Nothing But the Truth." It may be an exaggerated situation, but what could be more natural than three fellows betting a fourth that he could not refrain from even the smallest of white lies for a period of twenty-four hours? The situations that follow might happen to any man—and are not overstrained—not even the incident of the chorus girl who feels that she has to tell more than the truth in order to give Mrs. Ralston her money's worth.

And anyone who believes that it is easy to mingle with the world and not stretch the truth—well try it yourself. After a given period you will agree with me that truth is a difficulty for it is so often not exactly pleasant.

Difficulty! That one word is the keynote of almost all plays, and all farces. The more difficulties that surround the main character, the funnier the show, for even in everyday life there is true humor in any tragic situation. Take the man that gets bumped by an automobile—there is nothing funnier than a fall, and even while your heart is beating at twice its regular pace, and you are wondering if the poor fellow is killed or only badly injured—you have to laugh at the figure he presented as he sought the softest spot on the sidewalk. I remember going to a funeral once where the distracted widow got her elaborate bonnet on back to front—and if you look back over the tragedies you've been through you'll find them lightened by humor—something funny that did not appeal at the moment but which comes back to lessen the unhappy memory.

So it is in farce. The more "tight" the situations which surround the hero or heroine—the heartier the laughs from the

audience. The chief character can't laugh, of course, his truthful portrayal would vanish if he did—and the more unhappy he appears the better the show.

If it were not that comedy and farce as well as drama was built strictly on the lines of truth, no show would last more than a few months—a year at least, and we would not go to the theatre some hundreds of years later to see, say—"The Merry Wives of Windsor," or to watch the predicaments of the more modern "Bob Acres" in "The Rivals." Of course, I grant the fact that the lines in the two plays I have mentioned are of exceptional brilliance—but so are the situations. They are situations that are so true that they were correct yesterday, are thoroughly enjoyable to-day, and will be a thousand years from now. I do not wish to appear in the rôle of a prophet, but I believe that several of our modern farces are of good enough calibre to make them last. One of my own plays, "Caught in the Rain" has been played everywhere the English language is spoken—and will be revived in the near future for a New York City production. This is a farce with a story that is material—and in addition it had three distinct love stories. The situations are convincing—and the characters truthful of type.



ONE way of judging the truthfulness of any play is to keep a record of how it is being played by stock companies and amateurs. You may say that such organizations pick out plays that are simple to produce—but when you say that you give the play the highest criticism—you say that it is natural—and all playwrights strive first off to be natural.

This latter characteristic has a great deal to do with the success of any play—no matter whether it be laid in some big city, or the South Sea Isles. Dozens of good plays have been ruined through miscasting—frequently because some manager thought that a cheaper actor or actress "would be just as good," and when the time came the performance was unnatural.

One truth that I have found that the public ab-

solutely demands, and when I say this I am speaking from the angle of the actor, producer and playwright, for I have filled all three rôles, is that the characters that unfold the story of the play, be types that they can recognize off the stage and in private life. You can't take a fluffy blonde-headed girl and cast her for a man-hater—for fluffy little blonde ladies are not natural man haters. Neither can you take a heavy set man with bushy eyebrows and make him the tender lover of twenty-five.

Another vitally important point in the production of any play is to get the actors to thoroughly believe in themselves. One has to be sincere to make a success of any part, to look right at the part and say I will impersonate this old maid just as old maids are—to make as truthful a representation as though I were a mirror. If this were not the case the audience would be so thoroughly out of sympathy with the whole performance that the play would be gone.

It does not seem to me that any audience realizes how much they mean to a performance. Personally the minute I stop on the stage I can "feel" my audience. After two or three lines I know whether they are ready to meet me halfway, or whether they are sitting back in their chairs and mentally remarking "Go on, Willie Collier—make us laugh—we dare you to!"

When you get an audience that seems to sit forward in their chairs and wants to laugh, the evening's work is easy—but when you get the other type—it is a straight case of figuratively rolling up your sleeves and wading in. This does not apply to comedy alone, it is just as true of straight drama—though I have always contended, and I think that all actors will agree with me, that it is easier to be a weeping or thrilling success than to be a laughing success.

One of my reasons for this statement is that it is hard to sustain comedy. Start a farce at half past eight and get over before eleven, and you have given your author a chance to write just enough comedy lines to keep up the fun. Try to drag it out—pad it ever so little, and there is one spot that will be the same as a mud hole in a good road. They'll remember that mud hole! A drama is different. They sit tense and wait for the happy ending. The average woman—and a great many men—will sit tight from eight ten till quarter past eleven—come out of the theatre with a headache caused by suspense and red eyes—and next morning tell their friends they saw a grand show.

It's strange, but it's true.

There is just one advantage that the farceur has over the dramatic actor and that is that there is more chance to get in touch with the audience without stepping out of the part, than in a drama. Imagine for instance what would have happened if someone were to sneeze just as Jane Cowl were entering for her first scene in "Common Clay" and looking straight at the audience she was to say "God bless you." She would never be able to get her audience again—yet it was that very remark that made me solid with one of the most critical audiences I ever played before—and it put them so off their (Concluded on page 248)



White

WILLIAM COLLIER
Starring in "Nothing But the Truth"
at the Longacre



Photos White

ANNA WHEATON AND GIRLS SINGING "ROLLED INTO ONE"



THE PRINCIPALS IN THE FINALE OF ACT II

SCENES IN "OH, BOY" A MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS AT THE PRINCESS

SHAKESPEARE'S MOTHER

By IAN FORBES-ROBERTSON



MARY ARDEN! They are pretty names, and had I a little daughter by those euphonious sounds should she be known.

And now my thoughts travel back three hundred years and more to that time of England's fame when Raleigh and Ben Jonson bent the knee to the great woman Elizabeth, and the mighty poet first saw the light—and then some years further back than that.

There far from London's rabble, and the jealous court, the intrigues of state, and wars alarms was *she* slowly wending her way down the peaceful sunlight-freckled lane. And a hush was on the land, but for the sound of the severing grasses between the teeth of the cattle grazing beyond the hedge. Her eyes wide, full and watchful; ears pricked for the faintest sound, and within doubts and longings, hopes and feverish tremblings—for all her outward calm—heart beating quickly and then thumping as if to burst its bounds as the first crack of broken twigs beneath the foot came from yonder copse—and she stops as almost does her heart, and her hand goes up to ease the pain. Oh, she was fair to see as the flush spread o'er her bare throat and mounted to her brow. Then there broke from the near clump, with eager stride, a stalwart figure. She could not move, her limbs failed, but her spirit swooped and fused with his ere their bodies met. With an easy bound he was at her side and folded her in his arms, pressing her young breasts to his broad chest. She showed the white flag of surrender for the roses left her face, and it became as white as her linen kerchief; her listless arms drooped, and she wilted under the heat of his warm embrace—"How he

caressed me," was her after thought, and how only to be near him was all she asked. Ah, then the color came, and facing him she tiptoed, and encircled his neck with her arms—her eyes in his; and the mingling of their breath presaged the little mother—for so short a time—of the great man for all time, and then they laughed, and cheek to cheek again embraced where the trees were dense, and wandered by the wood's path, which at times was mossy and moist with the rain; and they picked their way and measured footprints; and he saw with pride her snug little buckled shoe, and she knew he saw and was pleased, and blushed with joy; but still hand in hand they kept, and their path was long and winding, and flowers were on the path's side, and they gathered them and looked into their depths and wondered at their beauty. And everything was pretty in their sight, and all things drew their interest—the ants swift and busy ways, the thick cushioned moss, the silver birch on which he carved two hearts—the one proved bigger and with laughter they both claimed it as theirs. And a hundred times he made the smile come to the corners of her mouth, and the brightness of her eyes looking up into his, pierced his heart and again he clasped her to him. The sun sank and the mists rose, and they walked closer, and were more silent, and their laughter turned to sighs for they feared the parting.

And so with only the unknowing cattle to see, these two beings—he a man so big and strong, the other so gentle, content to walk by his side, hand clasped naught else—wended their fateful way down the path to the bridge where hesitating they looked to the beyond, then—crossed and

trod the broader lane—on—on—to the great high road where few flowers grew, but faithful to their journey's end—on—on to the vast unknown sea.

And now, dear little Mary Arden, you seventh child of seven who gave to the world seven, the third the greatest of mankind, you the most loved and trusted of all your father's children, are dead, and the warm body that felt your lover's caress is no more—all gone, nothing left but the bleached bones of your once shapely form. The infant son whose moist lips sucked at your breast, and looked up from his feast, with his eyes so blue, into yours bent down so full of love—has gone—and your race has run its course. No more for you the wooded path, the lovers' way in the evening's light, the wending down the mossy lane. In the flush of maidhood you crossed your bridge and trod the high road of life—but never again. No more for you the human love, the warm embrace, the infant's cry that swells the breasts, nor ever for you the circling arms of your trustful child. Forever silent the approaching of the loved one's step, forever deaf to the cry wife, mother. Dumb to you is the voice of man and no longer do you home with them. Not for nothing though have you traversed this earth, for sweet lady, so young, so fair, you gave your love and tenderest thoughts to your John, the strong man of your choice and through that priceless gift bequeathed to posterity your son. So we lift up our spirits to you Madonna with hearts of love burdened with gratitude, and with loud voice cry out—she gave to us her beloved son for all time. May her reward be great and her spirit rest.

MRS. OELRICHS GIVES A PLAY



TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when Mrs. James Brown Potter was one of the younger leaders of New York society, amateur theatricals were at their height.

Production after production was given—the favorite playhouses were the Madison Square and old Lyceum—and thousands and thousands of dollars were realized for deserving charities.

There were few clubs in this city, but in Brooklyn they flourished—led by the Amaranth—like the proverbial bay tree.

Mrs. Potter was the star pre-eminent. To her the charities made their appeal. Pick out something, get a company together and they would do the rest as far as the sale of tickets and the accumulation of audiences was concerned.

And Mrs. Potter, who dearly loved to act, who had the true inspiration to improve in an art which she later made a profession, never failed to respond.

The stage manager then most in demand was the now famous David Belasco. He had just come East from San Francisco and was installed as stage director at the Madison Square. The fire of enthusiasm which has never slackened in him was then burning at its brightest. Ambitious to a degree his capacity for work was unlimited.

To him Mrs. Potter always entrusted the productions and from his knowledge of the stage emanated many of the plays that later were to be presented.

In this city to-day the representative organization is the Amateur Comedy Club. Organized in 1885, it has given three productions for each of its thirty-three years of existence. This organization is made up of a list of active members, one hundred men, while its associate roster includes two hundred and twenty-five names. The latter pay so much per year and in return receive a certain number of tickets for each of the three several productions given annually. The system is similar to that under which the Mendelssohn Glee Club is conducted.

The various crazes that successively seized upon the New Yorkers, almost killed for a time all interest in non-professional acting for there was certainly no need of going to the trouble of preparing a show for a charity when tickets could be sold for the same price for a dance and the purchasers amuse and entertain themselves by their own exertions.

It was recently that representatives of "the smart set" resolved to take up theatricals as an expression of their social activity, and at Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs' gave a triple bill before an audience limited only by the capacity of the hostess' beautiful ball room.

In the North wall of this room is a raised recess about eighteen feet wide, nine feet deep and eight feet tall. Above this is an oval music gallery.

The architect for the occasion, Mr. Robert Tittel McKee, devised the ingenious plan of screening this all in with a facade representing

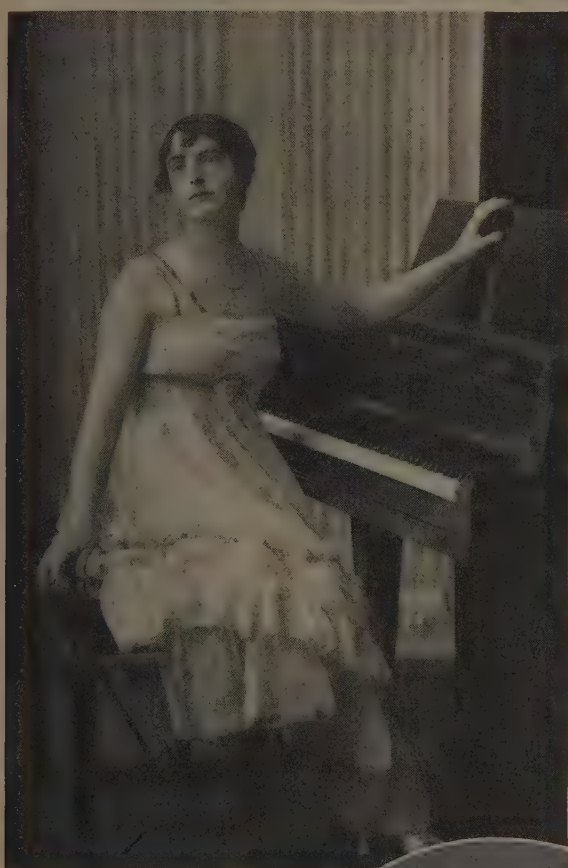
the exterior of a country villa. Pilasters reaching to the ceiling flanked either side of the opening. The upper part of the house hid the music gallery and on it was painted the representation of a second story window, etc., with boxes of flowering plants.

The drop curtain was the counterfeit presentment of the villa's front door outlined by climbing vines. When this curtain drew aside the effect was as if the fourth wall of the house had been removed and the audience privileged to look directly in upon a living room.

The scenery was in the form of hangings which slipped on to pegs, and with the aid of varying furniture and appointments a trio of really beautiful scenes were obtained.

"Happiness," the delightful comedieta of cheerful philosophy which J. Hartley Manners wrote for his wife, Laurette Taylor, was the opening item. Mrs. Jas. Lowell Putnam, Miss Helen Alexander, Coster Wilmerding and Gordon Knox Bell were its exponents.

Then came a serious little play, a frustrated elopement written by Preston Gibson called "The Secret Way." Mrs. James Kidder was the impulsive wife; Edward Fales Coward, the man who almost made her forget her vows, and Mr. McKee the indulgent husband who took her home again. "A Woman's Wiles" presented Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt as an Algerian charmer. Supporting her were A. Leo Everett, Herman Hueffer and Miss Tiffany.



Ira L. Hill

GERMAINE SCHNITZER

French pianist who specializes in the works of the romantic composers. Mme. Schnitzer was heard at Carnegie Hall with the Philharmonic and N. Y. Symphony Orchestras

Société des Instruments Anciens, which came from France to add the note of novelty to our musical season, has been heard recently in a series of charming concerts at the Little Theatre



Ira L. Hill

GABRIELLE GILLS

Soprano of the Paris Opera, highly praised by the critics for her interpretations of classic and modern French music. Mme. Gills recently gave a recital at Aeolian Hall



JOSEPH BONNET

Distinguished French soldier-organist heard in concert with great success



ROBERT LORTAT

French pianist who has been giving recitals in New York

FRENCH NOTABILITIES IN AMERICA'S MUSICAL WORLD

KINGS OF THE DANCE

By RUDOLPH ARONSON



IF it is true, as some assert, that the fox-trot, the one-step, and other eccentric gyrations which have such extraordinary vogue to-day, have come to us from the negro, we must not forget that the love of the dance had already been instilled in our people by the lilting tunes of such masters as Lanner, Johann, Josef and Eduard Strauss, Offenbach, Suppé, Lecocq, Audran, Millocker and others.

The first Johann Strauss, known as Father of the Waltz Kings, was born in Vienna in 1804. He first started as violin player and subsequently was engaged in the then famous Lanner quartette, which played at private houses, and later on, at the age of fifteen, he became a member of the increased orchestra and subsequently acted as assistant conductor until 1825 when he and Lanner parted.

Strauss then organized his little orchestra of fourteen musicians and performed several of his own waltzes, captivating his audiences and securing the appointment as Capellmeister of the First Bürger Regiment in Vienna. Thereupon he was entrusted with the direction of the music for the court fêtes and balls. His first tour of the principal cities of Germany, Holland and Belgium followed.

In 1837 he and his orchestra visited Strasburg, Paris, Rouen, Havre, London and the larger cities of Great Britain.

His success in Paris was immense, notwithstanding the formidable rivalry of the popular Musard, at that time the people's idol of lighter music in France.

In London, Strauss played at seventy-two concerts and also at many balls and fêtes, given in honor of Queen Victoria's Coronation, June 28, 1838.

Strauss returned to Vienna in 1840, and for the first time conducted at the well-known and popular Volksgarten, where he produced the "Quadrille," which he had studied in Paris, and a number of his own compositions including his famous "Radetzky" March.

In 1844 he visited Berlin, where he was fêted everywhere. The King in person appeared at Kroll's Garten and invited Strauss to conduct at the Royal Palace, a very great honor.

He returned to Vienna, became ill and died in 1849; leaving five children, Johann, Josef, Eduard, Anna and Therese.

Johann Strauss I raised dance music to a higher level than it had reached before and invested his copious melodies with all the charm of brilliant instrumentation. Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer and Cherubini were staunch admirers of his talent.

Of his three sons, the eldest, Johann, the most gifted, was born in Vienna, October 25, 1825.

At six years of age he wrote his first waltz. It was the germ of his genius, but it took a mother's hope and love to recognize it. His father, how-



JOHANN STRAUSS
Father of the Waltz Kings

ever, strenuously opposed young Johann following the musical profession, declaring that one composer and fiddler was quite enough for the family.

The mother was silent. She had but little money of her own yet she secretly sent young Johann to the best teachers and he often managed to be present at the rehearsals of his father's orchestra.

At eighteen, Johann, through lack of money, was obliged to enter a bank as a clerk, but he soon left the desk and began his career as composer and orchestra conductor.

As early as 1844 the Austrian capital had gone wild over him. When he first conducted some of his own dance compositions at Dommayer's Garden, the audience recalled him sixteen times.

Although the two conductors' relations had been strained, the son performed as a compliment to his father the latter's "Loreley Rhein Klänge" Waltzes. This act made the younger Strauss the idol of the hour. He was proclaimed Waltz King Johann Strauss the second.

The younger Strauss wrote day and night



JOHANN STRAUSS
Known as the Waltz King

whenever the fancy took him, jotting down musical thoughts on his cuffs or collars. Some of the most popular dance music ever composed was first recorded in this manner.

After his father's death, he incorporated the two orchestras in one, and made tours to the country towns of Austria and the more important towns of Germany. During ten consecutive summers, he concertized at the Petropaulowski Park at St. Petersburg, meeting with enormous and unprecedented success.

In 1862 Johann Strauss II married the popular singer, Henrietta Treffly, and in 1878 he married another, a dramatic singer, Angelica Dittrich, and in 1889, for the third time, he married Madame Adèle Strauss.

In 1863, he became Court Ball Musical Director of Austria, retaining that post until he entered the field of operetta composer, suggested by the critic, Eduard Hanslick, of the Vienna *Freie Presse*, and Jacques Offenbach, at that time the idol of the Paris public.

Of more than four hundred compositions for the dance (including many of the dance arrangements of the then prevailing Offenbach operetta successes) the "Beautiful Blue Danube" Waltz ranks first. Even to-day this charming waltz has lost none of its popularity, and is played the world over.

He was a most prolific composer of operetta as may be seen from his most popular works, which include: "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "The Merry War," "Prince Methusalem," "Cagliostro," "Queen Indigo," "Carneval in Rome," "Blinde Kuh," "Night in Venice," "Simplicius," "The Gypsy Baron," "Ritter Pazman," "Fürstin Ninetta," "Jabuka," "Die Fledermaus."

Not only "The Blue Danube" Waltz, but "Thousand and One Nights," "Artist Life," "Wine, Woman and Song," "Wiener Blut," "Bei uns z'Haus," "Morning Journals," "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald" Waltzes, the "Pizzicato" and "Kaiserstadt" Polka, "One Heart One Soul" Mazurka, were all exceptionally popular favorites.

It was in Paris in 1871, that the writer first met the Waltz King, at the conclusion of the Franco-German War. Strauss was to lead the orchestra, at one of the masked balls given at the Opera. The musicians were French, and were inclined to resent the leadership of a German. At the morning rehearsal they were inattentive. The newspapers, too, had commented on the subject.

Strauss requested me to wait and see the fun.

"If there is any nonsense or the slightest inattention on the part of the orchestra," he said, "I will break my baton and will not conduct a bar."



EDUARD STRAUSS
Brother of Johann Strauss



JOHANN STRAUSS, III.
Court Music Director in Vienna



Photos White

May Thompson, Florine Arnold, Marie Flynn

SCENE IN "YOU'RE IN LOVE," THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY AT THE CASINO



BERYL MERCER, LIONEL ATWILL AND PHYLLIS
RELPH IN "THE LODGER" AT THE BANDBOX



THOMAS A. WISE AND WILLIAM COURTENAY
IN "PALS FIRST" AT THE FULTON THEATRE

THEATRICAL FARE FOR THE "TIRED BUSINESS MAN"

I waited. Strauss took his position, violin in hand. He was facing the orchestra. He raised his instrument and began to play. It was his beautiful "Artist Life" Waltz, and his rendering of it was perfect. The enormous audience sat spell bound, and as he finished every one rose to their feet with thunderous applause. Strauss had conquered; there was no further difficulty in Paris. While in the French capital he was further honored with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

In June, 1872, the Waltz King came to this country. The late Patrick S. Gilmore had engaged him at a large salary to conduct at the Boston Peace Jubilee. His presence there was one round of triumphs. He directed an orchestra of a thousand musicians, and more than ever popularized his melodious and entrancing dances. In the same month he gave four concerts in New York at the Academy of Music.

Rarely has a composer received such an ovation in the American metropolis as was given to Strauss. His audiences seemed never to tire of his music, while the magnetism of the man with both audience and orchestra was simply astounding.

I shall never forget an incident on the com-

poser's first appearance in New York. He was leading from a little platform in front of the orchestra, and playing himself. In some way his foot slipped, and he fell, breaking his violin. He scrambled to his feet, took another violin from one of the players, and went on with his waltz, as if nothing had happened, losing only eight bars of the music. The audience applauded him frantically.

On the occasion of Johann Strauss' Golden Jubilee in Vienna, on October 15, 1894, the best-known representatives of literature, music, art and culture, gathered to pay homage to one of the nineteenth century's most beloved musicians. There were present: Brahms, Hanslick, Fuchs, Jahn, Richter, Brill, Renard, Grünfeld, Gericke, Goldmark, Goldschmidt, Kremser, Lucca, Bösendorfer and Sonnenthal, who had charge of the arrangements. The rooms of the master were filled with rare and costly presents, while on the stairways and in every nook and corner, there were laurel wreaths and flowers. It was there that I had the honor of presenting the magnificent silver and gold wreath designed by Paulding Farnham and manufactured by Tiffany and Company, the cost of which had been subscribed for by famous musicians and a large number

of his many admirers in the United States.

It was while he was in New York that Strauss composed the "Manhattan Waltzes" in which he introduced "Old Folks at Home" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

The New York Casino was inaugurated under the present writer's régime in 1881, with Johann Strauss' "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." It ran for two hundred and fifty nights, and was followed by the same composer's "Die Fledermaus," "The Merry War," "Prince Methusalem," "Gypsy Baron" and "Indigo," thus establishing a new era in comic opera production, then so immensely popular with our public.

Johann Strauss II enjoyed the friendship of Wagner, Liszt, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Brahms and Rubinstein. The last-named composer rearranged and frequently played Strauss' "Nachtfalter Walzer," while such eminent pianists as Tausig, Rosenthal, and Godowsky have rearranged other of the Strauss Waltzes, and famous piano virtuosos play them frequently at their concerts.

In 1894, at the Grand Banquet given at the Grand Hotel in Vienna, in honor of the Johann Strauss' Golden Jubilee, I had the pleasure of a place next to Herr Eduard Strauss, to whom I casually remarked: (Concluded on page 250)

THE FACTS ABOUT "THE WANDERER"



THE WANDERER," the big spectacular play by Maurice V. Samuels, on the theme of the Prodigal Son, which Messrs. Elliott, Comstock and Gest have produced in such lavish style, is still drawing large crowds to the Manhattan Opera House.

When the play was first announced, it was advertised as "founded on 'Der Verlorene Sohn' by Wm. Schmittbonn," and references have been freely made in the press to the Reinhardt production of the German play, based, apparently, upon a presumption that "The Wanderer" is either a translation or ordinary adaptation. The actual facts of the case show clearly that Maurice V. Samuels, its author, has practically written a new play for the differences are too numerous and too important to justify the use of the word adaptation unless its meaning be extended far beyond what is customary.

A careful comparison of the texts of the two plays shows "The Wanderer" to be greatly the superior in dramatic intensity as well as philosophical interest. "Der Verlorene Sohn," which is known in America only in its printed form, seems to be very meager in story, lyric for the most part in expression and somewhat elementary in characterization. Yet it is but just to say that it is equally beautiful in its painting of pastoral life and as spiritual in its final note as "The Wanderer." One thing alone in it strikes one unpleasantly. That is the desertion of Jether, the Prodigal, by his mother in the last act, and this failure of mother-love at the crucial moment, for no worse offense than cheating at dice, can only be explained by assuming that Schmittbonn was endeavoring to contrast divine mercy with human "justice," whereas, on the contrary, the American manifestly believes that human love at its highest touches the Divine, and in "The Wanderer" he boldly emphasizes it to the highest degree. His exquisitely conceived Huldah clings to her erring but repentant son when all other shrink from one who has challenged the wrath of God by the commission of the sin of sins, the worshipping of an idol and the renunciation of the religion of his fathers.

The daring and original idea of introducing into this otherwise simple story from the parable

the struggle of a monotheistic people to preserve the purity of its religion against the temptations of Babylonian idolatry, with its attendant sensuality gives to "The Wanderer" a philosophic depth which is not even suggested in the version on which Reinhardt so successfully expended his great skill as a producer. Out of it come the truly dramatic scene at the altar of Ishtar in the second act and the test of unflinching mother love in the last.

Perhaps half of the characters in Mr. Samuels' play have their origin in the other version, although, of course, some of these have their derivation in the Parable itself. The rest are sheer creations of the American playwright. Among those whose presence results from his introduction of new and unsuggested material are Pharis, the herculean sea-captain from Tyre, the successful rival of Jether for the love of Tisha, the Babylonian harlot. She, by the way, is the most important character in the second act of his play and one that will not soon be forgotten. In "Der Verlorene Sohn," the corresponding Kis appears and then disappears for good in the first five minutes of the act and can hardly be said to be more than sketched.

The religious element, found only in the American version of the second act, Judaism struggling against idolatry, more than justifies the introduction of a strikingly effective character, The Prophet, who furnishes a most dramatic and spiritually magnificent close to the act. In the German version, the last scene is one between Abja, the mother of the harlot, and Jether, and, considering its limited value, it stretches to weary lengths, ending with the boy's declaration that he will return to the country "to till the fields." According to the printed play this last is "sung softly." This is indeed different from the scene in "The Wanderer" where the Prophet appears in the midst of a fearful storm and the wild terror of the revelers within the house of Nadina and speaks to Jether: "Aye, fare forth my son. Naked thy mother brought thee into the world. Yet the Lord God watched over thee. Naked this woman sends thee into the storm. Will not the Lord God save thee," and when Jether replies in anguish: "His sword hangs over me for I

have sinned. I have denied him," the Prophet bids him behold God's wrath and rushes out crying a doom upon the wicked city while Jether, feeling that in the whole Universe there is none other to turn to, gives one long, passionate cry "Mother," and the curtain falls as he goes out into the heart of the storm.

In the last act, this sin of Jether's, the denial of his God, makes possible the greatest individual scene of the entire play and one cannot but wonder what effect could have been produced in the German rendition where for a comparatively trifling offense the mother deserts her son in his extremity.

Other important creations of Mr. Samuels are Naomi, representing a pure, love interest that has no counterpart in Schmittbonn's version, where Jether has seduced a serving maid who never figures until the end of the play after a few lines at its opening, Haggai, the Judean with his intense hatred of idolatry, Merbal the Fop, Hadramut the Arab, Ahab the Panderer, Barzil the Tax Collector for King Solomon, Pardodias the Mede, Selah the Shepherd, Rissah, Borsippa and others of varying consequence.

The diction of "The Wanderer" is strictly Biblical, the figurative language being drawn from both Testaments. A certain rhythmic arrangement of words is noticeable and the play has the spirit of poetry without the form. The language of necessity possesses the qualities that give the Bible first place in literature. It is simple, direct, vigorous and picture-building.

It would appear, then, that Mr. Samuels has used portions of the German play, which is half the length of his own at most, much as one might an outline scenario, but that he has gone far afield for his detail and has added a very great deal of vital importance in the way of actual dramatic material wholly unsuggested by the German version so that were he less conscientious he might have claimed to have written an original play.

As it is he has certainly built on the simple foundations of the Schmittbonn play one of so much greater strength, importance and general appeal that it represents a substantial contribution to American Drama.

Footlight Fashions

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT. OFF.

By Mlle. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES



IS there anything new under the sun, in the realm of Fashion?"

I asked the question in despair because it seemed to me an impossibility, with Lent shedding sartorial gloom over the world, to find any novel touch, or fresh accent to bring to your notice, dear reader, this month. Like a heavenly answer to my inquiry, came a fetchingly new conceit in a frock worn at the latest and smartest of Palm Beach dances. It is Mrs. Witherbee who caused Envy to sit enthroned upon the brow of her sisters by a frock which owes its inspiration to the trailing rose vines which cast showers of pink petals over Palm Beach piazzas these last days of the waning season.

Brocade of shimmery silver with a border at top and bottom of faintly brocaded roses was the fabric chosen by Mrs. Witherbee for her frock. (The same wide brocade, made cross way of the material, by the way was chosen by Mrs. George Gould for a frock sent her at Miami as a *fin de saison* novelty.) A slightly barrel effect was given the full petticoat by an arrangement of pannier plaits at the top, and the fascinating cap sleeves so becoming to pretty arms appeared on the bodice. But the novel effect which captured the eye of every daughter of Eve at the Southern resort, was achieved in a train apparently of solid pink roses that sprung from an innocent garland thrown across the bodice, and fell in a sash-like effect some twenty inches longer than the dancing skirt. Indeed the garland was of sufficient length to be caught up over the arm of the wearer when dancing, and the charm of

the graceful narrow rose train cannot be overstated.

* * *

I do not remember any Lenten season when so many frivolous frocks were worn. I suspect the passion for dancing, which not even the sad forty days can quench, has a great deal to do with the activity of Dame Fashion in prescribing radiant raiment instead of sack cloth and ashes for her devotees.

Even Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, who is nothing if not churchly, has been apparelled more like the Easter lily than the dull passion flower, this season. And since the last dresses of the Palm Beach Winter foreshadow the smartest choice for Summer frocks for the Long Island season in Spring, let me describe a charming confection in which Mrs. Vanderbilt poured tea for her guests abroad the "Beachcomber" recently.

To Miss Fay Bainter now capturing audiences at the Cohan and Harris Theatre, is due the inspiration of Mrs. Vanderbilt's adorable tea gown which is a wonderful example of the charm residing in discreetly combined gauzes of black and silver. Miss Bainter's frock, as seen in the illustration, is of white Indian gauze with soft embroidery done in straggling lines all over the long overmantle, which is edged with Bokhara lace. The underslip of the filmy silken gauze has several rows of pink satin ribbon scantily ruffled as a garniture, and a narrow line of tiny pink roses edges the top of the princess.

Mrs. Vanderbilt chose black net for the foundation of her tea gown, and silver gauze was employed for the garniture and for the overmantle. The effect was graceful and elegant in the extreme, and the wearer was regally grande dame as she presided at her tea wagon. The new idea of anything but sporty clothes aboard yachts and houseboats has found the highest possible favor this season, and radical departures from the severity of other years may be expected to follow on the part of fashionable women who are lucky enough to be hostesses upon their husband's yachts later on at Newport.

Just make a note of this little straw, for later guidance.

* * *

A strong note of Chinese and Japanese fabrics and trimming is sounded in advance models shown by smart modistes at present.

"Girlie" Brown, who will probably continue to be called "Girlie," rather than Angelica, long after she joins the smart set of young matrons, gave variety to her exceedingly comprehensive trousseau by adding a "costume chinois" to her collection of Spring frocks.

A flaring effect observed both in the skirt and the coat, strikes a note of newness in this costume, and I have sketched it for the benefit of the girl who has so many gowns that only the maddest novelty of the hour appeals to her.

Powder blue crêpe de chine is used for the jacket and lower petticoat of this Chinese fantasy, and the jacket is bordered with handsome needlework which matches the solid Chinese embroidery on the tunic. The latter describes a deep scallop in the back and a shallower dip in front. A small "Coolie" hat with a bandeau covered with the embroidery, is daringly crowned with a real mandarin button from which falls a

tassel of silken threads to match the colors in the embroidery.

* * *

Young Mrs. Angier Duke (nee Drexel-Biddle) wore a number of fascinating frocks during an ante-Easter visit to her "in-laws" on Fifth Avenue, which showed the latest note in color combinations of orchid tones with silver.

One of these pretty dancing dresses is of pink silver gauze combined with heliotrope satin. The underpetticoat is of the heliotrope banded with very rich silver embroidery touched here and there with the gleam of rhinestone and amethyst. The same embroidery shows on the bodice and on the Venetian collar which borders the low neck.

Mrs. Duke, while here, spent many hours with her favorite tailors and modistes, and a number of ultra-smart out-of-door frocks are in readiness for the fashionable events which will shortly beckon society toward Piping Rock and the other Country Clubs.

One of these is a single-piece affair developed in soft biscuit-colored cloth showing the effect of a "roundabout" like the jackets worn by Eton boys onto which a full skirt is gathered, just above the waist line. Deep round cuffs of "baby seal" and a cape-like collar of the same fur accompany this very beautiful frock.

* * *

The impeccable good taste of Mrs. Vincent Astor is fully shared by her débutante sister, and not even that most critical of grandes dames, Ava Willing Astor, could find anything to censure in the simple but always lovely frocks worn by the



If you have never seen an orchid wearing a chain of uncut jewels, gaze upon Mrs. Angier Duke in her frock of pink, silver and heliotrope



French knots quite solidly embroidered upon a flat panel, show only a few open spaces in this pretty frock, and these spaces are shaped like primroses



The maddest novelty of the moment is the costume chinoise

very attractive Miss Dinsmore, this season.

One especially attractive dancing frock of palest primrose Georgette, has the bodice and a straight front panel worked almost solidly in tiny French knots which here and there leave in open outline, suggestions of primrose blossoms.

The draped bodice is sleeveless (Miss Dinsmore's girlish arms are quite perfect) and the smart Medicis effect at the back, which is so becoming to a pretty neck, falls in flat draperies over the shoulder and is finished in front with a single big rose.

* * *

The maddest things of the moment are the new parasols which while they had a preliminary glimpse of the merry world we live in, during the sunshine season at Palm Beach, will really not unfurl themselves in full splendor until June.

The stateliest sunshades are of satin with jewelled handles. The most coquettish are of ruffled net with garlands of Summer blossoms as garnitures. The lightest to carry are of Chinese embroidery with bamboo mounts of no weight whatever.

Then there are parasols with vanity cases in the top, and parasols which have handles carved in the likeness of the owner's favorite cat (for every one must own a Persian or a short-haired Siamese cat this Spring), and there are parasols as large as an old-fashioned umbrella and as small as an old-fashioned fan. Be they large or small, gay or sedate, quaint or conventional, one must own parasols innumerable for every occasion.

Exquisite effects in sheer net foundations quite covered with small flowers are a fad of the moment for bridesmaids instead of the inevitable bouquet, and no one need show the least surprise should Tappe or Bendel or Mollie O'Hara send home a "dancing parasol" with one's newest Easter ball gown, for Biarritz has discovered that one may hang a fetching parasol in the crook of one's arm and step it through the new dances, quite nimbly.

* * *

"You can't go wrong in choosing your Easter millinery, if you send your gaze along the front row in "Oh, Boy!" The fascinating girls in that all-beauty bevy, are wearing the latest creations and if you choose

Justine Johnson for your fashion plate (as most of us do) why just copy her wicked little chapeau, and go your way believing you resemble the prize beauty of all beauties this Spring.

If the strictly tailored effect suits your style, Knox has created for Louise Dresser a close fitting turban that loses its severity of outline by reason of an upstanding row of Mercury wings that give chic and becomingness to the silhouette of the hard-to-wear toque of the season. By the way, if you want to see what a Knox costume from head to foot is like, see Miss Dresser's new sport costume. For simple exact "rightness" it cannot be eclipsed, and it has been duplicated by so many smart women for the forthcoming Spring season, that I expect half the women at the Belmont and Meadowbrook



The trailing sash of roses is an absolute novelty, and unites chic and charm with great grace

meetings this month will look exactly like the fascinating actress in "Have a Heart."

* * *

Florence Reed, who is appearing in "The Wanderer," is wearing some very snappy costumes in private life just now. One of these is a daring sport-suit quite like a bit of Spring verdure, inasmuch as it is of soft forest green "jerz" with touches of a yellow-green in sash and deep collar. The exact tone of the costume is repeated in the soft sport hat of hemp and in the sport handkerchief that peeps from the pocket.

* * *

Jane Cowl was a very much admired figure at a Lenten luncheon given in her honor at Delmonico's a few days ago. It was a matinee day, and the fascinating dramatist-actress had to hasten away for "Lilac Time," but not before everybody had had a chance to admire her smartly correct tailor costume of mixed black and invisible green cheviot cut with a longish ripple skirted coat. Almost military simplicity marked the cut and the trim of this costume which

(Concluded on page 236)



© Marceau

Miss Dorothy Arthur wore this fascinating frock by Gidding at the last dance of the Sixty Club



Photo White

You can't go wrong if you select any of these six up-to-the-minute hats for an advance Summer model

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FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 234)



Photo Sarony

This charming negligée worn by Miss Fay Bainter of "The Willow Tree," has been developed in black and silver for Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt

showed a single row of black soutach placed closely beside the flat silk braid which bound the coat, and outlined, also the similar tailor braid that covered the seams on the skirt.

* * *

Miss Maude Adams, the one actress who is never seen at public gatherings, has been captured once or twice this Winter at the home of friends for quiet social events. At one of these small receptions, Miss Adams wore a very beautiful frock of the thinnest black net—so filmy in texture that it seemed a veritable cob web spun of dreams. Across a bodice effect arrived at by two rows of silver lace bordered with black velvet, the net was exquisitely draped to simulate a "V" shaped decolletege. Florence Walton sleeves of the net gave a final touch of grace to Miss Adams' very beautiful frock.

* * *

Any actress who succeeds in winning acclaim for her costume at one of the Sixty Club's dances, may well count it for the highest righteousness and give thanks to her dressmaker. So many stunning women, so many stunning gowns, would puzzle almost any Paris in a decision. But at the last dance at the Ritz-Carlton,

Photo White

The "White Lady" tailor effect as designed for Spring wear by Knox

everybody admitted that the loveliest as well as the most simple frock in the ballroom was the dainty creation worn by Miss Dorothy Arthur, who is a niece of Marie Cahill by whom she was chaperoned.

I commend Miss Arthur's dress as a model for dancing frocks for the early Spring, and fashionable modistes who specialize in frocks for débutantes and bridesmaids find it a strong favorite at this moment. Of course, there is no limit to the variations which may be developed in this model, but as worn by Miss Arthur it was of the faintest coral net over a silver petticoat. The swathed net bodice showed silver strap sleeves, over bands of net, and two flat ruffles of net finished the waist at the bottom, in the new effect called (Heaven knows why!) "la colombe." The skirt was a simple affair of two deep net flounces bound with a rolled edge of silver, and with two silver pipings outlining the hips. Pink satin dancing slippers were worn with this frock, which showed narrow loops of the silver falling from beneath the bodice onto the petticoat, as if they were a continuation of the shoulder straps.

* * *

I ventured to inquire of a smart Fifth Avenue modiste, a few minutes ago, which of all the gowns recently displayed on the stage, had been most in demand among the fashionable young women of his exceedingly discriminating clientele. Without a moment's hesitation that palm was awarded to Miss MacDonal of "Pals First," who wears in one of the acts in the support of William Courtenay a very beautiful afternoon frock of biscuit colored satin de luxe.

It is a model well worth a visit to the Fulton Theatre.





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Kitty Gordon.



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A PLEA FOR MAKE-UP

(No. 1)

By Anne Archbald

IN this day of taking out one's powder puff and lip salve stick in whatever public place one happens to be, and applying them frankly in the eyes of all beholders, it sounds rather absurdly superfluous, doesn't it? to be putting in a plea for make-up. But it isn't that I crave to see any greater amount of make-up on the faces going about the world, any more snowing under so-to-speak with powder and rouge. On the contrary! My plea is simply for a change in everybody's attitude towards the subject—a wish to make it less artful and more candid and in consequence give it a chance to become more artistic.

It's this way!

We have with us still two classes of "conscientious objectors" to the use of cosmetics whose attitude influences the more progressive of us in spite of ourselves. Class One contains those hold-overs from the upbringing of a former generation who confuse surface with soul and

think not only that artificiality in the one means artificiality in the other, but that a painted surface produces a painted soul. They think that once you have invested in a box of Java rice and a rabbit's foot you are headed straight to perdition. There are, of course, comparatively few of this class left especially in America. Their stronghold, I am told, is in certain old county families in England. It seems incredible, but it was given me as a fact that even as short a time ago as three years back a certain *grande dame* struck a neighboring family off her invitation list, because they had brought with them to luncheon a guest whom the young daughter of the house discovered (and was presumably corrupted by it) in the act of powdering her nose before the glass.

Class Two doesn't feel as strenuously in the matter as Class One, and yet dislikes the implied deceit in make-up of assuming to be something it is not. This class is more modern and tolerant, but none the less still confused in its thinking and distinctly inconsistent. As in fact you will find both classes are. For these very same Duchesses et al. will cheerfully curl their hair, don a false front or add puffs or a switch. And if that isn't sailing under false colors, pretending the ownership of a crowning glory to which you are not rightly entitled by nature, I don't know what is.

Well, to those who stick to it and insist dogmatically that a painted

lady must be always a painted lady one has no convincing arguments to offer. The class will just have to fade out with time. But for the rest of us I suggest:

Let's all come out and say quite frankly: "We don't pretend that these are our own natural complexions and we aren't in the least asking or hoping that you will think they are any more than we would ask you to believe that our frocks are our natural skins. We simply believe that there is a duty one

owes to other people's comfort to look as attractive as possible and that it is just as reprehensible to say: 'I don't care. I'm comfortable and can't be bothered. Any way, my mind is on weightier things'; and then go round annoying human eyes with a sloppy figure or a shiny nose or straggly unkempt hair as to disregard any of the courtesies of life."

To be immaculate in appearance, to look charming is, in fact, a department

of courtesy and no less a person than Richard Le Gallienne upholds us in a recent magazine article. "It is not necessarily vanity that brings out the powder puff," he says, "but a courteous regard for the aesthetic sensibilities of others."

In further words we believe in "assuming a virtue if you have it not," and that it is a virtue to be at all times brilliantly and harmoniously colored in relation to a costume.

By clearing away with this declaration of independence the old furtive attitude—and even in the frankest and most assiduous user of the vanity-box there is a large amount of ostrich once the cover is snapped to—we could begin to have more freedom. More attention would be paid to detail. Making-up would come to be recognized as one of the arts. Not that there aren't complexion artists among us now, but their results are due rather to the fortuitous assistance of youth than to actual technical knowledge, and by and large, there is still too much of the Pierrot nose and the uncompleted edges of the face. (The methods of the school of impressionism can never be used, I'm afraid, with success in connection with this art.)

I hope I have started you thinking of the possibilities of the subject. Next time I shall offer some practical suggestions to work on. Throw overboard here that eleventh-commandment idea that make-up is only proper when you're not found out.

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Miss Norma Talmadge believes that
to enhance or adapt one's personal
beauty is everywoman's right





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The Gift for Easter

Maillard

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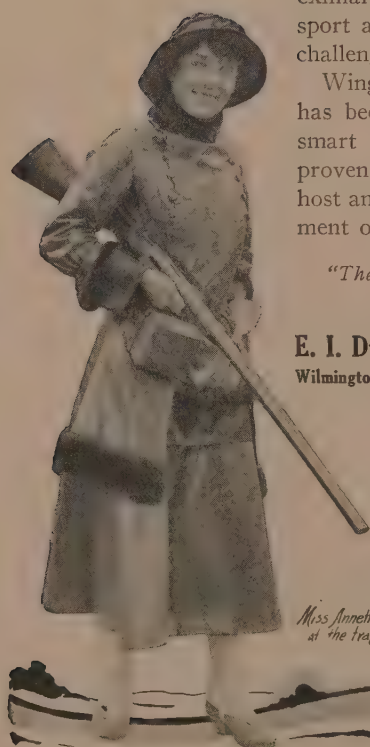
The Sport alluring

Trapshooting—The Sport Alluring—carries with it a thrill—an exhilaration—such as no other sport affords. It holds a subtle challenge to one's gunskill.

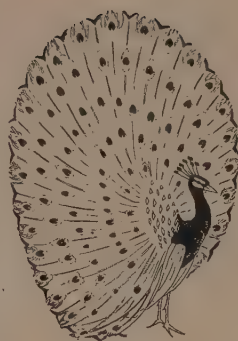
Winging the wily clay pigeon has become quite *de rigueur* in smart country places and has proven a welcome boon to both host and hostess in the entertainment of house parties.

"The Sport Alluring" Booklet
on request

E. I. Du Pont De Nemours & Co.
Wilmington Delaware



*Miss Annette Kellerman
at the traps.*



FEATHERS FROM PEACOCK ALLEY

I PREDICT that red is to be a favorite color among the new plumage for Spring! It has been so long in the background that it was about time for its revival. There are hints of scarlet cropping out here and there—in some society woman's huge fan and scarlet flower in a box at the Opera; in a pair of earrings in a specialty jeweler's window, flat, oval-shaped quartz of some sort, hung from a slender gold chain; in the scarlet beading seen on many black chiffon waists; in a lovely restaurant frock of a pale tan chiffon—coffee-with-lots-of-cream shade—beaded with glistening lines of little red beads.



— And here is a very interesting feather indeed! An astonishing feather! There has been introduced into the realm of clothes a new idea, which is being described as "the greatest commercial idea of the Century." At that it begins to be in a class with H. G. Well's imaginary prophecy of a few years back that the time would come when all clothes worn more than a week or so would be hygienically "pulped." It seems, like our feathered friends, we are soon all to go waterproofed or "cravenetted." Most people when they see or hear the word "cravenette" think of it as a raincoat or a fabric. But cravenette is really a process of treating all sorts of fabrics, silks and woollens, even the felt and straw of hats, by which the garment and wearer are protected from the rain. There are two processes, "cravenette finish" and "cravenette proof." The one protects the garment, keeps it from being spoiled by the wet. The other protects both garment and wearer, that is, makes the fabric rainproof, impervious to water. Think of the joy of having the "cravenette" label in one's clothes and knowing that one can go out in one's best Sunday-go-to-meeting in any weather guaranteed against damage from the elements.

Gold and silver cloth under net remain unrivalled as materials for evening gowns. For focussing the attention nothing has as yet been discovered to take their place. You know it when you go to see that newest and most amusing farce comedy, "Johnny-Get-Your-Gun," and find that two of the most striking frocks are respectively of silver tissue under emerald green net, trimmed with diamond-like sequins, and cloth of gold under black net, trimmed with black and gold beaded bands. Both gowns, it was interesting to note, though cut very low front and back, especially back, had wing sleeves of net floating to the elbow. Besides these two evening gowns there are day-time frocks in the play equally lovely with hints of the latest tendencies in modes. And the chicest little picture imaginable is Miss Grace Valentine, the leading lady, in her white broadcloth riding habit, tan boots and vivid green sports hat!



On the main floor of Gidding's facing the door as you enter is a half-moon-shaped counter that is one of the greatest little magnets in town! Bead bags, fans, hair ornaments, necklaces, the newest "dew-dab" accessories of every kind, imported and domestic, lie in profusion on its top and glass enclosed shelves. From week to week, as one takes a hurried passing dip in through the door, the wares of the counter undergo a sea change. There are always things "new and strange," beautiful, desirable. Some counter!

A month or two ago THE THEATRE told of the advent in the stores of high collars attached to lace jabots, and judging from the numbers I saw, on both the very young and the—well—the a-little-older, at the last Biltmore Morning Musicale when Mary Garden made her only New York appearance they have started in on a run of popularity. There is something tremendously frilly and smart about the jabot and stock especially made up with Irish lace, and it should be a most rational "in-between" for Spring days that are a little too warm for furs and a little too cold for a straight open neck.

A. A.



The Universal Petticoat

EVERYWHERE—in every land and clime, you'll find Heatherbloom Petticoats in all their shimmery splendor.

Everywoman knows, wears and endorses Heatherbloom as the petticoat supreme.

Wherever fashion gathers—Heatherbloom is the accepted standard of petticoat style and fabric perfection.



PETTICOATS

outrival silk petticoats in every sense of the word. They not only look like silk, have all of silk's lustre and beauty, but wear three times longer at one third the cost.

The new Spring creations are on display at all good stores. Be sure you see this genuine full label on the waistband



Send for free booklet of the latest Petticoat styles.

A. G. HYDE & SONS
361 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Makers of **hydegrade** fabrics





BEACH Coats of suede velour cloth, Tussah silk and pongee. Golf and Shooting Jackets—Rain-coats and Capes of unspottable velvet—Sweaters of silk and of Shetland—Riding Habits—English Riding Shirts of madras, linen, piqué, pongee and tub silks.

Millinery and sport hats for every occasion.



KNOX HATS

FOR MEN
& WOMEN

UPTOWN
FIFTH AVE. AT FORTIETH ST.

DOWNTOWN
161 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

THE STAGE AUTHORIZES THESE

When you've found an actress who isn't devoted to some one sport or other, you've "found something." It's trap-shooting in the case of Miss Reine Davies, now playing in "Canary Cottage." Trap-shooting is becoming very much the rage at Lakewood and Pinehurst, by the way, and gains its devotees every day. A prominent firm devoted to sports costumes offers this model of velveteen skirt and flannel waist as the proper regalia for the occasion, smart but permitting as you may see, perfect freedom of movement. You will choose for your color, of course, the one most becoming to you in the open air!



Photo Ira L. Hill



Photo Ira L. Hill

One doesn't think of clothes exactly in connection with the Western atmosphere of "The Great Divide," but in Henry Miller's revival of the play Miss Alice Lindahl as Polly Jordan, the young wife "visiting" from the East, has a chance to wear two of the smartest sports suits of a dressy order, at present on the New York stage. The skirt of this one is of white flannel cross-barred in a bachelor's button blue and the jacket is of blue to match. With the suit Miss Lindahl wears a simple white wash silk waist, a blue and white striped tie, and a hat in white and blue



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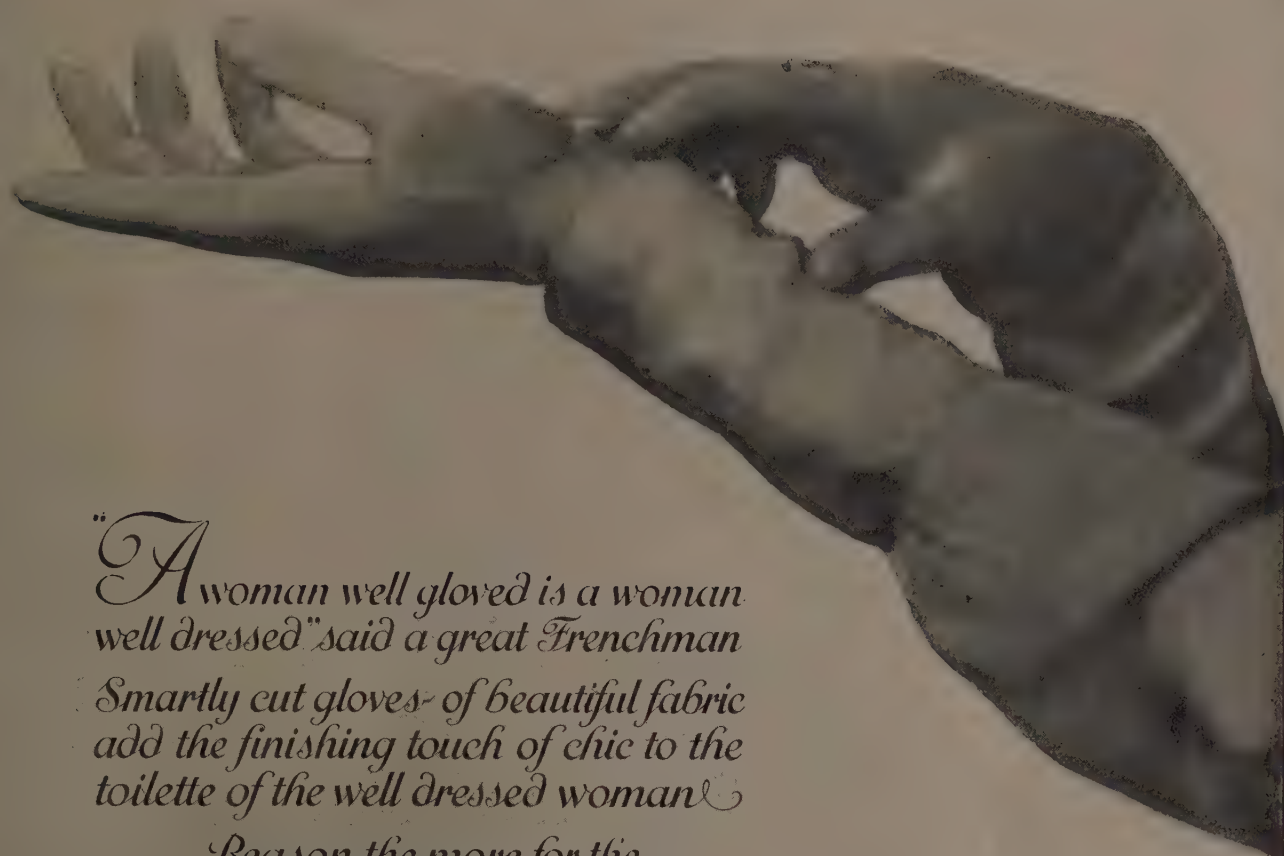
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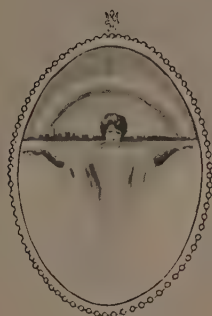
SUITS · COATS
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MILLINERY




*"A woman well gloved is a woman well dressed" said a great Frenchman
Smartly cut gloves of beautiful fabric
add the finishing touch of chic to the
toilette of the well dressed woman*

*Reason the more for the
appreciation of*

"Niagara Maid"
SILK GLOVES



NIAGARA SILK MILLS OF NORTH TONAWANDA, NEW YORK, MANUFACTURERS OF "NIAGARA MAID" UNDER-GARMENTS AND
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VOGUE

THE vogue of the decorated wedding ring is with us. Traub rings have firmly re-established the prestige of the original decorated wedding ring, for in seeking greater beauty no jot of chasteness has been lost. In the new rings is recognized a successful completion of the search for really symbolic wedding rings. They are all bands of purest metal, with the delightful addition of a message, hand chased. Their delicate tracery is expressive of the century-old sentiment of marriage. To wear one of these rings marks one as appreciative of the *dernier cri* in wedding etiquette.

Traub rings are only sold through established jewelers. A beautiful brochure entitled "Wedding Ring Sentiment" will be sent you upon request.

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ANTIQUE FURNITURE OF TODAY

TRADITIONS die hard. It usually takes a little thing like a war "or something" to kill them off within a reasonable time. Otherwise they hang round toothless and hoary, overstayng their years tiresomely.

A tradition in which most of us were brought up—the cobwebs of which, if nothing more, still cling, I venture to say—is that to be at all *comme il faut* a house must be furnished with "antiques," that modern reproductions are a stamp of one's limitations social or financial.

But it has now been decided by the furniture authorities that as far as concerns the average American woman starting out to equip a home the day for insisting on having so-called antiques should be over.

The reasons for this, says the head of the furniture department at McCreery's (whose "Mastercraft"

the copy of a grandfather's clock brought straight from the factory to the old couple on the farm, to stand on the stairway, and from which they reluctantly consent to be separated—"only through the pinch of hard times"—by the collector of antiques hunting over the countryside, tears running down their checks, at so much a tear. When the collector, overjoyed at his latest acquisition, turns the corner, another family clock arrives from the factory to stand again on the stairs in readiness for a second performance.

But the largest influence toward a changed attitude lies in the great improvement during the past few years all along the line in modern furniture, from an artistic as well as a utilitarian standpoint. If you can buy an exact modern copy of a Colonial chair or a Chippendale sofa or table on the same artistic lines



The use of touches of not too bright enamel on mahogany or oak is a charming idea that is prevalent in many of the current modern designs. This table from McCreery's is a particularly graceful example of such a combination

furniture is as widely and justly famous as the McCreery silks) lie partly in the fact that the possessors of old furniture had so much trouble with it. The veneer peeled off, the joinings warped apart, the pieces had continually to be sent to the repair shop. Again prices were high and "antique" fakirs were prevalent and cunning. Unless one were extraordinarily sharp fake antiques were constantly being "put over."

Almost everyone knows that tale, by this time, or at least portions of it. Of the exact copy, say, of an old English desk, any period you like. Of the leaving it out in the rain for weeks when finished, of the simulated worm-holes, the worn edges, even the ruse of a remnant corner of an old newspaper stuck to an inside drawer, gratuitous and touching tribute to the desk's authenticity. Or

and finish as an old piece, the workmanship of the most approved kind, such, for instance, as you find in the "Mastercraft" furniture, and at a lower price, you are probably going to take it in preference to the antique.

Of course, if you are an actual collector, that's another story. And still another if you have inherited heirlooms with family associations and history. But, I repeat, for the average busy home-maker interested in creating a harmonious and livable atmosphere for her family the hunting down and buying up of so-called antiques would seem to be a waste of time.

A SHOP LIKE A PRIVATE RESIDENCE

To take in even a half of the interesting things there are to do and
(Concluded on page 246)



McCreery's is as justly famed for its "Mastercraft" furniture as for its silks, which word translated means attention paid to exact measurements, to dovetailing, to giving the very best workmanship possible. This novel footstool of mahogany frame, from McCreery's, is guaranteed to give the very best support and display to your latest pair of smart shoes and stockings



Schuyler Ladd of "The Yellow Jacket"

May I make an artistic photograph for you with the quality and charm of an old etching?

Or one in color as lovely as any miniature?

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Vanity Fair UNDERSILKS

FASHIONS ATTRACTIVE IN SILKEN UNDRESS

THE SOOTHING LUXURY OF
SILKEN CONTACT—WHAT
WOMAN OF DAINTY DESIRES
CAN RESIST IT?

SILK has its practical appeal, too! Vanity Fair glove-silk underwear is teaching us that these intimate articles of bewitching loveliness are as durable as they are charming.

We can no longer enjoy a self-satisfied glow when merely our vest or union suit is of silk. Dame Fashion decrees that our camisole, our brassiere, yes, and our "dream-frock," too, must join the silken throng. And why not? A camisole of Vanity Fair glove-silk will shimmer delightfully through a blouse of filmy texture; such a brassiere holds the flesh in graceful lines, while no one can dispute that glove-silks are favored by the very best people in "Slumberland" this year. No layette is complete today without a baby gown of Vanity Fair glove-silk, pearly white or deliciously pink! We can well imagine the most tearful baby—particularly if of the feminine persuasion—reduced to admiring gurgles by a glimpse of her mirrored person so bewitchingly arrayed.

Ask for Vanity Fair Undersilks
and Silk Gloves

SCHUYLKILL SILK MILLS
READING, PA., U. S. A.

Both articles are of Vanity Fair glove-silk in pink or white. Bodice is finished with dainty French band—knickers have French elastic bottom, with satin bows.

Who says that Pajamas aren't feminine? Have you ever seen anything more subtly, silkily so than these of Vanity Fair glove-silk? This little brunette prefers pink.

Special Announcement

Beginning with the May issue,
The THEATRE MAGAZINE
will publish the first of a series of
three articles by

BRANDER MATTHEWS, LITT. D.

Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University

Professor Matthews has been an inveterate first nighter for nearly half a century. During that period he saw most, if not all, of the plays and most of the famous players. "Recollections of a Playgoer" is full of interesting theatrical memories.

The articles will be copiously illustrated with portraits of old time favorites.

To Make Sure of Securing a Copy Order Now!

Charmantes for the Gentlewoman IVORY PY-RA-LIN



THE dressing table adorned with articles de toilette of Ivory Py-ra-lin charms the soul attuned to beauty and inspires mistress and maid to artistic achievement.

What mellow richness of tone is here—what exquisite graining of finest ivory—converted by skillful craft into beautiful things to delight milady's most dainty fancy.

And what a wealth of variety! The better shops show a wondrous assortment. Our Ivory Py-ra-lin brochure illustrates exclusive pieces and designs not usually obtainable.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY
725 Broadway New York



ANTIQUE FURNITURE OF TODAY

(Continued from page 244)

see in New York one would have to be able to live on twenty-four hours a day. A place one shouldn't fail to visit, however, whatever else you pass up is The Hampton Shops. "Shops" they call themselves, but that doesn't do them justice. It's hard to find just the word. "Show-rooms" would suggest something too crude. "Museum," that articles were not for sale. A composite of all three would come nearer it.

If you were brought blindfold through the outer door and ante-chamber and then opened your eyes in the main room on the ground floor you would at first feel you were in a magnificent and wonderful private house. About you is an enormous room stretching up and up, on two sides of which runs a gallery supported by pillars over whose railing hang tapestries and pieces of vivid brocades. There are rugs on the floor, dim lights, huge gilt candlesticks, flowers, at the end of the room a stained glass window, and everywhere massive and beautiful pieces of old furniture. That is some of them are really old and some of them are reproductions. The Hampton Shops are of the very most modern in their frankness. It is carefully explained what is a genuine antique, what is a copy, and what is "'arf an' 'arf."

An upholstered chair, for instance, may have an old frame and a mod-

ern covering. One such shown me had its red brocade purposely worn to simulate great age. A large priory-table was made up of old and modern woods. The top, and as I

in soft brown veneer with paler brown inlay, it had been possible to get the old veneers and old inlay. And the combination of old and modern, or modern alone, by lessen-



A Gothic Renaissance chest from The Hampton Shops called a "crédence," and intended originally for holding linen. The two side doors open outward revealing cupboards for the smaller pieces of linen and there is a long shelf underneath, back of the carved panel running across the bottom, which is hinged to open outwards

remember parts of the legs, had been imported from the other side and the rest of the wood had been very perfectly matched with this. For a marvellously beautiful reproduction of a Queen Anne desk, done

ing the price, makes the owning of beautiful furniture just that much more possible.

Above the main room in The Hampton Shops are floor after floor with numbers of adjoining rooms

fitted up with furniture, real antiques and modern reproductions, not placed haphazardly but according to a scheme, each room more fascinating than the last. "Room after room, I hunted the house through..." The floor of enameled bed-room furniture, after the French manner, with its day-beds and *chaises longues* covered and pillowed in the most heavenly silks and brocades was too good to be true. Don't fail to visit The Hampton Shops.

Here are some of the interesting things I heard there:

That period rooms, rooms in which every piece is authentically of a certain period, are not being done except in very large establishments, because they are out of harmony with modern life. Very few people have the proper spirit to feel at home in an all Jacobean or an all Louis XIV room. Our minds stored with the accumulated culture of the different centuries are a complex of too many periods to be comfortable in any one. That excellent notes for the modern dining room wall are the paintings on wood, flowers in an oval, long landscapes, to be used over consoles. That, to give variety and color to a room, extraneous pieces are used with enamel or mahogany sets, one upholstered chair with enameled furniture, a red lacquer table in the midst of mahogany.

BARBARA ALLEN.

The 'Nobby Tread' Tire

No woven fabric tire has quite the distinction, and certainly not anywhere near the record for mileage or anti-skid service, that characterizes the *United States 'Nobby' Tread Tire*.

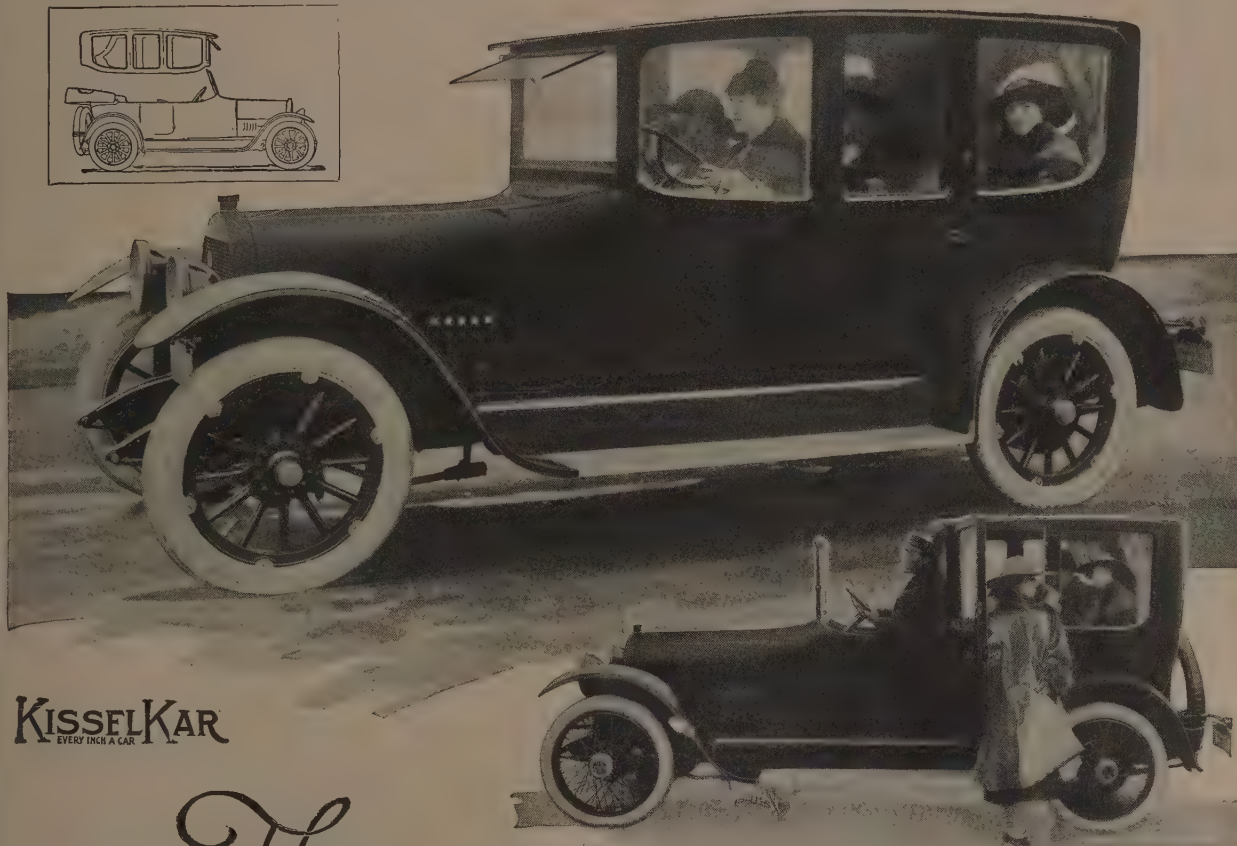
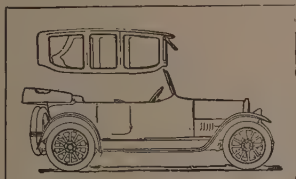
The '*Nobby*' has fully earned the descriptive pseudonym by which it is so well-known to the most discriminating and particular motorists in this country and abroad — "*the aristocrat of the road.*"

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The ALL-YEAR Car

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In the form of a closed coach it meets all the demands of social and shopping duties.

In the alluring spring days of May and June it can be quickly transformed into a wide-open ROOFLESS Touring Car.

The ALL-YEAR Top is *built-in*—not on—*distinctive, exclusive*, with no visible fastenings or attachments—no rattles, draughts or leaks.



Hundred Point Six

The car of a Hundred Quality Features, upon which the ALL-YEAR Top is mounted. Kissel-built from the ground up, it possesses that unlimited power, unusually light weight and luxurious riding comfort that have always characterized KisselKars.

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ENJOY the souls of grapes touched laughingly by the hand of time—order Cook's Imperial Extra Dry—the all-American Champagne—it knows no duty but to please you.

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Daily Orchestral Concert in Hotel Promenade

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"ART" OF MOTION PICTURE

(Continued from page 218)

knows that up to the present it is the law.

When the motion pictures come nearest to authentic art, it will be noticed, is when the actor's face is seen in a so-called "close-up" (provided, of course, the actor is a good one). At such a time the trivialities and harshness of the photographed scene drop away, and the twitching movements of legs and arms do not annoy. Only the face is shown, and the imagination of the audience is released to do most of the work, and may be touched by something approximating a sense of personal contact. The best, indeed the only, moments in Griffith's "Intolerance" which kindle a true response are when Miss Mae March's face alone is on the screen.

But here, it should be noted, the art is not that of the director or the author or the camera man. It is solely the art of the actor. It does not depart in any way from the ancient art of Thespis, save that it loses in vividness by being seen at second hand. So far, then, as motion pictures do differ in the essential element of personal style, of creative uniqueness, they differ as the actors differ, for the actors alone can even approximate genuine self-expression on the screen.

If, therefore, we find any art in the movies, it is not a new art, but an old one, and an art much better practiced on the stage of the living theatre, as every actor knows in his heart to be the truth.



MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 216)

cut out it would be an infinitely better play.

Neither author is as subtle as Gilbert and much that falls from the mouths of the players simply hampers the action and robs an exotic gem of its glints of poetry and charm.

In the dual rôle of the Image and real girl, Fay Bainter shows the effects of diligent and intensive rehearsal. Her rendering of the Image is particularly expert.

Shelley Hull as the hero is largely a "feeder," but he reads well.

As the old image carver George W. Wilson brings long experience, finished elocution and innate dignity to the composition of a breathing, living reality of old Japan. His up-to-date son, preparing for Cornell and indicating the spirit of transition, is expressed with deft humor by Richard Taber.

Arvid Paulson and Harold De Becker as respective exponents of ingenuous and sophisticated occidentalism are excellent.

The setting painted by Gates and Morange is quite wonderful in its expression of the true Japanese spirit. Cohan and Harris, who produced the piece, have been generously lavish. Whatever was needed they have provided without a care to its cost.



Joseph Urban and Richard Ordynski have formed a partnership for the production of plays and have assumed the direction of the Bandbox Theatre.

This is not the first time Mr. Urban and Mr. Ordynski have collaborated. They have associated in the work of producing the community masque, "Caliban," and last spring they put on "The Merry Wives of Windsor" for James K. Hackett at the Criterion. Mr. Ordynski recently returned from Los Angeles, where he produced three plays in the Little Theatre, and Mr. Urban's decorations have adorned several local stages this season.

SOME TRUTHS I HAVE MET

(Continued from page 226)

guard that they had to laugh for the rest of the evening. The incident happened the first night I ever played in London. The man who sneezed was sitting way down front, the sneeze was loud, and simultaneous with my entrance—and as far as I was concerned the remark was almost an involuntary one—yet the audience enjoyed the impromptu remark so much that they kept merry the rest of the evening.

That's one thing about all audiences—they like to feel that they are getting just a little more than they expected—and they like to feel that they are playing part of the show. In "Nothing But the Truth" there is a line where my fiancée asks me if I ever loved another woman. Being pledged to tell the truth I say "yes," and am then asked who she was. Now all American audiences are quick to recognize a celebrity, let some popular personage sit in a box, or in a front row, and everyone in the theatre will be looking. On several occasions I have been aware of the presence of a celebrity of the fair sex and I mention the lady's name. Do the audience like it? They stopped the play the night I said I had loved Lillian Russell—and they not only applauded the line but the lady herself had to acknowledge their sentiments from her box.

Yes—every audience likes to feel that they are in the spotlight—that part of the fun is their side of the footlights.

And so slipping down a line of truths that may not be common to all people, we come to the question as to whether personal truths about an actor's life are worth while—and if the public would rather know the gilded story of Miss Footlights—or the real one.

Here we swing round the circle and come face to face with the facts that if I were to tell the exact truth about myself the public which wants the truth on the stage would not be interested.

If I say I am much in love with my wife, and think that my son is one of the cleverest boys in the world—(that's the truth) they don't care much—but the minute the story comes out that I have diamonds in my teeth and always sleep in a tub of water—why they sit up and take interest.

Personally, I believe that it would be much better for all the men and women connected with the theatrical world to tell the truth about themselves. Then the public at large would stop thinking that we are freaks of nature and know us for humans who have merely a talent for acting instead of being able to sell goods over a counter. It's a most amazing truth to me to know that something which on the very face of it is a rank falsehood is of interest to the readers of the magazines and newspapers—while the other story is not.

Of course, I know that while the truth can be told about one's self we all of us have plenty of incidents in our lives that need not be told—and should not be told. Yet, when I am dead twenty years I may be remembered as the author that made people laugh—or mentioned as a farceur—posterity alone can tell that. However, I'll bet even money with anyone that I never will be known to future generations as a man who did some impossible stunt for the sake of advertising. And please remember when I say "I," I am including all my fellow workers behind the orchestra pit.

I have met up with a lot of truths as I passed through life—some of them pleasant, some otherwise—and my opinion is that unlike the line of the song—truth is beautiful—and people not only believe in it—they demand it.



AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

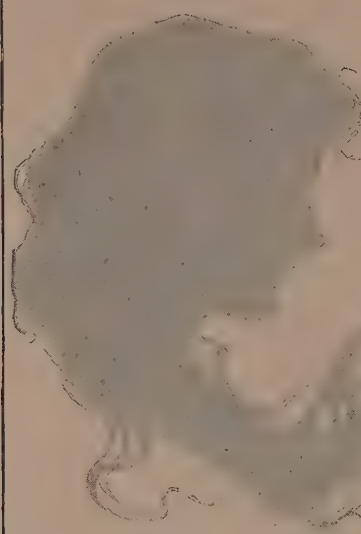
The Licorice Gum

ANNETTE KELLERMAN, whose great photo play, "A Daughter of the Gods," will be seen this year by millions, and who is appearing in person at the New York Hippodrome, says: "I certainly do like the flavor of your Adams Black Jack Chewing Gum. Besides, the licorice in it is highly beneficial to the throat."

A handwritten signature, likely of Annette Kellerman, in a cursive script.

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap

If you are frankly fastidious about the appearance of your hair, shampoo with this dependable product—an effective cleanser that leaves the hair soft and attractive. Very delicately perfumed.



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Fancy Shoes and
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Cleans and freshens,
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The Standard
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KINGS OF THE DANCE

(Continued from page 232)

"If you ever contemplate paying another visit to America (he had been here with his orchestra in 1890) may I count on its being under my management?"

Taking me by the hand Strauss replied: "You have my assurance, that if ever I go to America again, it shall be under your direction."

The first Eduard Strauss concert was given in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, October 20, 1900, under distinguished patronage, which included the Austrian Ambassador Baron von Hege-müller, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. George B. De Forest, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. George J. Gould, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr.

At the second concert on Sunday evening, October 21, 1900, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, there were more than four thousand persons. Indeed the house was packed to repletion and several hundred persons could not get in at all.

Strauss concerts were given in the principal cities of the United States and Canada, but the season came to an untimely conclusion owing to a railroad accident, which unfortunately incapacitated Herr Strauss' right arm. But in order not to disappoint the large gathering at a Charity Ball at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on February 12, 1901, he conducted six dance numbers with the baton in his left hand to the evident delight of the terpsichorean devotees who after each dance applauded him to the echo. This was his last appearance in America. Owing to illness he conducted only occasionally, and on December 30, 1916, at the ripe old age of eighty-one years, he passed away.

In the demise of Eduard Strauss, nicknamed for so many years, "Der Schöne Edi," the world at large has lost a remarkable composer of light works, and one of the greatest interpreters of music for the dance. He is followed by his son, Johann Strauss III, now conductor of the Court Balls in Vienna and concertizing with great success in Europe. He has not yet visited America.



VICTOR RECORDS

Among the Victor Records for April, Sophie Braslau is to be heard singing "I Love You Truly," which proves to be admirably suited to her voice. It is a quiet melody appropriate to the sentiment expressed in the title. It is sung with remarkable sincerity of utterance, and should be a great favorite. Caruso offers "Vois ma misère hélas" from Samson et Dalila," and this record may fairly be regarded as one of the most forceful and dramatic in the whole list of his wonderful records. The Victor is doing a very real service in presenting "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," sung with silvery sweetness by Mabel Garrison, for this is perhaps the best number in a work that is full of good tunes. Alma Gluck offers an aria, "Care Selve," in which her wonderfully clear bell-like upper tones are finely displayed. "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" is sung by John McCormack, and though the Victrola cannot reproduce a smile in the eye, it can and does reproduce the personality of this sweet singer of Athlone. "Take Me Back to Home and Mother" is certain to be a prime favorite in a land like this, where so many have the certain joys of a country home for the hazards of the city. Clarence Whitehill sings it with much feeling and insight.

Advt.

RIDA YOUNG—DRAMATIST AND GARDEN EXPERT

(Continued from page 202)

lived through two seasons with Arnold Daly the first year and John Barrymore following him in the principal rôle. "The Lottery Man" ran through a season in New York with Cyril Scott and four companies did the piece during the second and third year of its existence. Then I wrote five plays for Chauncey Olcott, before turning my attention to musical pieces.

"Her Soldier Boy" is by no means Mrs. Young's first venture into libretto-land, for she plunged into musical collaboration with Victor Herbert in "Naughty Marietta," you know, some seven or eight years ago. Of course, you want to know how she fits her words to the tunes of Herbert or Friml or the man who wrote the music for "The Red Petticoat" or the musician who did the score for "Lady Luxury," and a glance at Mrs. Young seated at her piano will show you exactly how the thing is done, and probably enable you to dash off a few lyrics yourself.

Of course, there blazes in Mrs. Young's bosom the fire of a high ambition outside her flower garden. She wants to see a woman write the GREAT AMERICAN PLAY. It is a perfectly impersonal ambition, however, for she has no aspirations toward giving the stage that masterpiece herself.

"If you look at the new writers, you must note that the woman dramatist is coming into greater prominence than she has ever reached before," she cried with a sort of vicarious triumph. "As for myself, I hope to potter in my garden and continue writing little plays that have no mission except to be clean and amusing."

Incidentally it may be chronicled that Mrs. Young's eleven years of writing clean and amusing "little" plays have made her a rich woman, and unless all indications are at fault a happy and very useful one.

"After the new piece has been launched," she concluded, rising to hint gently that photographers and interviewers had had their time in her day, and might be dispensed with, "I hope to go to my new place in Greenwich, and enter into rivalry with Louis Anspacher, James Forbes and Virginia Harned Courtenay."

"You are going to begin a new play?" I questioned.

"No, indeed. I am going to try what I can do at the Putnam County Fair in the way of oversized and prematurely ripened fruits and vegetables. Mr. Forbes' garden is a wonder; Virginia Harned's corn and melons are the talk of miles of gasping farmers, and as for Mr. Anspacher, he is simply a shark for making two plants grow where one grew before. Yes, indeed, I am happy when I produce a play, but when I gaze upon my own rapturous exhibit of tomatoes and pumpkins and even of the merry and mealy little potato, at the county fair, I expect to taste the delights of a sweeter triumph than any dramatist may ever experience."

And then the photographer collected his traps, and we came away wondering whether she really meant it or if she might not have been working at a little bit of comedy at our expense.



The second bill of the Morning-side Players will consist of one-act playlets written by Columbia University students. It will be presented at two performances—one private, the other public—next month.

It is announced that E. H. Sothern will devote time to play-writing now that he has retired from the stage.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

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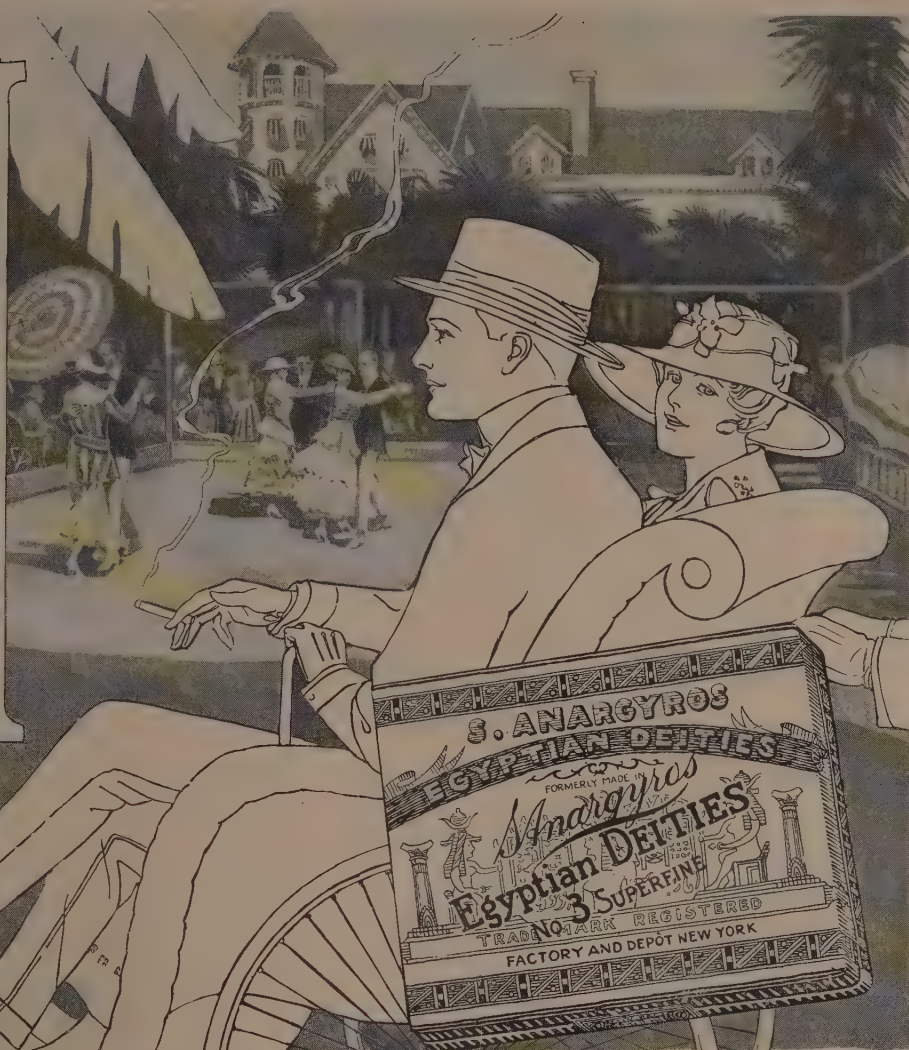
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Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

M. L., New York City.—Q.—Can you tell me anything about Estelle Winwood's career? 2. Will you publish pictures of her in her present rôle with William Gillette? 3. Will there be an interview with her in THE THEATRE soon?

A.—We shall probably publish in the next issue a sketch of Miss Winwood's career. 2. See our March number, page 145. 3. We do not know as yet.

Bessie B., Saskatoon.—Q.—Where can I obtain an account of Henry Woodruff's death? 2. Where can I get a photograph of him? 3. Have you published an interview or pictures of him?

A.—Henry Woodruff died at the Hotel Algonquin, New York City, on October 6, 1916. Any of the New York morning papers of October 7th will have an account of his death. 2. Moffett Studio, 25 East Congress Street, Chicago, Ill. 3. In our December, 1909, issue (price 65c.) there is a small picture of him. Our May, 1907, cover, shows him as "Brown of Harvard" (85c.). In the July, 1906, issue, (90c.) there is a personal picture and a short sketch of his career. The April, 1906, number (90c.) shows him in five scenes from "Brown of Harvard."

L. W. H., Hartford.—Q.—What has become of Wilson Barrett, a famous actor in the 90's?

A.—Wilson Barrett died some years ago.

M. L. R., Cleveland, O.—Q.—Kindly give me some information regarding Julian Eltinge. 2. Would it be possible to publish a photograph of him in an early issue. 3. Do you know anything of Jeanne Eagles' plans?

A.—See the article, "How I Portray a Woman on the Stage," by Julian Eltinge in the August, 1913, issue (price 40c.). 2. There will probably be a recent picture of Mr. Eltinge in the next number of THE THEATRE. 3. Jeanne Eagles is playing the rôle of Lucy White in "The Professor's Love Story" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

E., Rochester, N. Y.—Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Stephanie Plaskowitzka of the Pavlova company?

A.—No.

F. Cort, Santa Barbara, Calif.—Q.—Kindly give an account of William Farnum's life.

A.—William Farnum was born in Boston, Mass. on July 4, 1876. He was educated at the public schools, Boston, and made his first appearance on the stage at Richmond, Va. in "Julius Caesar." Subsequently he played in stock in Boston. After that he toured with Margaret Mather and Olga Nethersole. He made his first success in New York in "Ben Hur." In 1907, he appeared in "The Prince of India," with great success. At Daly's Theatre, New York, January, 1908, he played Bill Farley in "Society and the Bulldog." At the Liberty Theatre, November, 1911, he appeared as Captain Herbert Cary in "The Littlest Rebel." Mr. Farnum has filled many stock engagements. He is now appearing in the movies.

G. P., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Will you kindly advise me of the last issue containing a full-page picture of Marie Doro; first two issues containing full-page pictures of Billie Burke; full-page picture of Maude Adams (excepting March, 1913, July, 1915 and March, 1916); full-page picture of Nazimova (excepting December, 1914, March, 1915, and February, 1916); full-page picture of Pauline Frederick (excepting April, 1913, August, 1914, April, 1915 and November, 1915, issues).

A.—The July, 1913 is the last issue containing a full-page portrait of Marie Doro. (price 40c.). September, 1907 (85c.) and the December, 1909 (65c.) are the first numbers containing full-page pictures of Billie Burke. She was also on the March, 1908 (60c.) cover. Full-page portraits of Maude Adams other than you mention appeared in the March, 1911, issue (60c.), the July, 1910 (50c.), December, 1909 (65c.), January, 1909 (50c.) and the March, 1914 (40c.) cover. Full-pages of Nazimova are in the June, 1912 (40c.) and August, 1910 (50c.) numbers; of Pauline Frederick in the June, 1913 (40c.), the May, 1909 (50c.) and the October, 1909, cover (60c.).

A.—Reader, Los Angeles.—Q.—Kindly tell me where John Mason was born. 2. Did he ever appear in "Anna Karenina"?

A.—John Mason was born in Orange, N. J. 2. Yes, at the Herald Square Theatre in 1907 with Virginia Harned.

K. J. L., Plainfield.—Q.—Has Duse gone into retirement?

A.—It is believed she will never play again. She is one of those players who are sensible enough to retire at the height of their powers.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Praise from Channing Pollock

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

The current issue is the best number that I have ever seen of THE THEATRE.

Glory be to George Broadhurst! His answer to Father Burke is exactly the answer I itched to make—and couldn't have made half so well! I get so tired of hearing about the naughty dramatists and actors and managers, the wicked Pineros, and Cyril Maudes, and Winthrop Ames, from the great and good nonentities who alone have the interest of the theatre at heart! Isn't it curious that men like Augustus Thomas should want to smirch the public mind, which is kept pure by the lofty nobility of men like Father Burke?

George Nathan's article was capital, too. And that was a lovely picture of Annette Kellermann.

I hope you don't mind my giving my opinion of your magazine. Few people do mind opinions, so long as they are favorable.

CHANNING POLLOCK.

New York City.

March 1, 1917.

Ahead of Others of Its Class

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

I have just completed reading the February issue of THE THEATRE, and wish to say that no other publication, in my humble opinion, which attempts to deal with the subject of the stage, is in the same class with THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, when considered either from a moral, social, or "real news" standpoint.

Especially, to speak in detail for a moment, I consider the article entitled "The Stage and Public Morals" a finely written and highly meritorious piece of work. Any magazine which can print such an article in the front part of its columns is far ahead of others of its class in America.

WHITTON E. NORRIS.

University, Va.

February 18, 1917.

A Correction from José Ruben

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:

In the February number of THE THEATRE an interview with me appeared under the title: "French Actor Scores in Japanese Play." According to this article, which gives a few phases of my career, "Madame Yorska wooed me into vaudeville."

I wish to correct this statement. Between two seasons of the French Drama Society Madame Yorska was enticed to play a short engagement in vaudeville and it was I who offered her my services which she kindly accepted. I should be very grateful to you if you will be kind enough to publish this letter in your next issue.

New York City. JOSÉ RUBEN.

February 12, 1917.

THREE ARTS CLUB PLAYERS

Lady Gregory's "The Gaol Gate," played by Mary Rehan and Katherine La Salle, was the feature of the program of one-act plays given recently at the Comedy by the Three Arts Club Players as a benefit for the Theatre Workshop.

The other three episodes of the program were "A Dear Little Wife," a pretty Japanese trifle by Gerald Dunn; an appalling performance of Oliphant Down's charming and periodically slaughtered fancy, "The Maker of Dreams" and "A Midsummer Dance Dream," a belated travesty on the recent dance craze wrought in Shakespearean characters and quotations, and made up for the most part of the inevitable witless parodies on the famous speeches.



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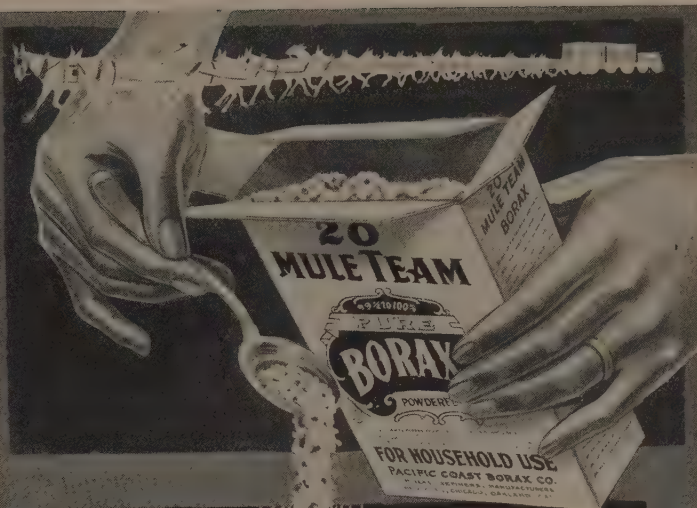
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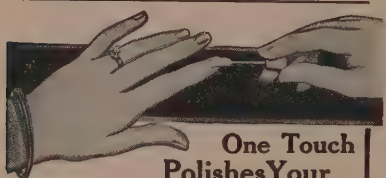


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THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR

Daniel Frohman, President of the Actors' Fund, presiding at a meeting of workers for the Actors' Fund Fair, to be held next month at the Grand Central Palace, said that President Wilson, if his official duties permitted, would open the fair on the afternoon of May 12th. "And Geraldine Farrar has promised to come and sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,'" Mr. Frohman said.

The meeting was called to obtain recruits for fair activities and hear the plans for the bazaar outlined by the executive heads.

Mr. Frohman added that the relief work carried on by the Fund was widespread, and that it expended \$70,000 a year. A movement was being carried on, he said, to raise an endowment of \$1,000,000 and in the meantime the Fund was kept alive by benefits, donations and fairs.

THE GUESTS OF THE PROFESSION

By VERA BLOOM

Tired actor-birds can find a charming nest on Staten Island, called the Actors' Fund Home.

For there the lovely Juliets and dashing Romeos of yesteryear meet again when the sunshine in their hair has turned to snow, and the roses in their cheeks have withered.

They are virtually and really "the guests of the profession"—honored and welcomed as would be a prince or princess, with never the slightest suggestion of charity. It is just a case of the tables being turned. In days gone by they made the public happy; now the public, or at least the theatre-loving part of it, does everything in its power to give them happiness.

And why not? In their day they gave their best to us, and if the actor's proverbial generosity went a bit too far, let us think of it merely as a case of artistic temperament or something equally excusable, and welcome them with open arms when the opportunity is offered us.

I met them first—these delightfully interesting guests of the profession—on a Thanksgiving Day, when Mr. Daniel Frohman took us down to meet them.

And they are all so happy—so wonderfully happy! They have their little vanities just as they did years ago; they love their pretty clothes and joyful colors, and each dresses in her own style. Someone, some understanding, sympathetic one, has left an endowment to give them a certain amount of pin-money every week, and this has done much to help them retain their personalities, and keep in touch with the outer world.

It is not hard to guess that the sprightly little lady in the blush-pink waist and with the sparkling eyes was once a famous soubrette; or that the wirey little gentleman with the quizzical face was a comedian. They still play their parts, and even to-day, long after their active careers are ended, they remember the caste of the theatre—a star is a star for a' that!

They were all excited about Mr. Frohman's visit, and as soon as we entered the wide, comfortable hall, a pretty little lady came up with a bouquet of pale pink roses she had bought for him, and soon they were all around him, telling him their joys and sorrows, for they knew it was no mere perfunctory listening on his part, but real interest in their affairs.

We met them all each with a well-defined personality, each quaintly, charmingly interesting. This quaintness and charm shows in their rooms. One dear old lady, who used to be famous in "slavey" parts, asked us to come into her room and visit her. And there, prominent over her dresser, were English and American flags, and a picture of the Prince of Wales.

"So you're English," I said.

"Oh, sure, dearie," said she, "how did you guess?"

And before we left she gave us a beautifully knitted washrag she had just finished.

An old gentleman, who was away for the holiday, had made his room into a veritable picture-gallery. Every stage beauty from Mary Anderson to Mary Pickford is there.

Then there was the courtly, handsome old Frenchman, who was, oh, so glad to speak "*un peu de français*" with me!

Dinner was daintily served at tables for eight or ten, and afterwards we went down to the billiard room to look over some papers, and perhaps glean a story or two from the old gentlemen over their after-dinner pipes. It is a lovely room, dark, quiet, and cozy, the sort of room they would like to have in their own homes.

And then we went to the rose-garden-of-beautiful-memory Cyril Maude has planted as a beautiful memorial to Charles Frohman. It was almost the thought of a poet that inspired Mr. Maude to do this—it was requested that no flowers be sent for Mr. Frohman, so instead Mr. Maude has made a fragrant, everlasting memorial to bloom year by year, and gladden the hearts of the most honored members of the profession Charles Frohman devoted his life to serve. It is almost a shrine.

After I had had the new sensation of feeding hundreds of chickens on the farm on Thanksgiving Day, it was time to go. In the evening those dear people were to do their old acts to entertain their friends.

One little lady told us she did a famous minuet in the long-ago, and though her partner had recently died she would do it alone.

"Try it now, please, please!" I begged, and so, to a tinkling melody, she did it—beautifully.

Then we had to leave them, but, please, all of you, when you hear of the tired-actors' nest on Staten Island, remember it—you know how.



COLUMBIA RECORDS

The April record announcement issued by the Columbia Graphophone Company is so colorful in song and melody that it seems to have caught the spirit of spring itself.

Hipolito Lazaro, the tenor phenomenon, sings the rapturous "M'Appari" from Flotow's "Martha." Lucy Gates is to be heard in "The Nightingale Song" and "Listen to the Mocking Bird," accompanied by the bird imitations of the talented young whistler, Sybil Sanderson Fagan. And one of the most interesting personalities in the world, Olga Petrova, emotional actress, screen star and famed beauty, recites two of her own compositions, "To a Child Who Inquires" and "To a Mother," and Riley's "A Life's Lesson."

The vocal list also includes two solos by the distinguished tenor, Morgan Kingston—"My Little Love" and "Wonderful Garden of Dreams"; "Kentucky Babe," by the great Belgian baritone Louis Graveure; and an artistic offering by Reed Miller, the well-known tenor, "Our Star," set to the melody of Rubinstein's "Monastery Bells," sung in duet with Grace Kerns, soprano, and "The Farewell," sung with Nanette Flack, soprano.

For the commemoration of Easter-tide, announcement is made of two Easter carols by the Columbia Double Mixed Quartette, "King All Glorious" and "Radiant Morn." And in addition, there are two Christian Science hymns listed, "Saw Ye My Saviour" and "He That Dwelleth in the Secret Places of the Most High," sung by Nevada Van der Veer, soloist of the First Church of Christ Scientist, New York, and an oratorio singer of merit. —Advt.

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Note These Features

Space permits only brief mention of the editorial plans of the new owners.

Aymar Embury II, with five articles, inaugurates "The House Livable." Harold A. Caparn, former President of the American Society of Landscape Architects, is presenting a series of articles on "The House Outdoors." J. Horace McFarland launches our campaign "Better Roses for America" with an article in March illustrated in four colors.

"The Whole House—Room by Room" is another new feature to begin soon—a series of monthly manuals—taking up the problems of construction, decoration and furnishing as applied to each room as a unit from bedroom to library.

Churchill Ripley writes during 1917 on Rugs; E. I. Farrington writes on Poultry (every month); Harold D. Eberlein and Abbott McClure write on Furniture; William Haynes and Mrs. Leslie Hall write of Dogs and Kennel Interests; Charles Dexter Allen tells what is new in Textiles; Harold J. Howland supplies a monthly editorial on the Spirit of the Countryside; Theodore M. R. von Keler is the Motor

Editor and conducts the Motor Service; F. F. Rockwell, Jessie P. Frothingham and Parker T. Barnes write on Horticulture and Gardening; Frank A. Waugh writes on Trees; Professor Hugh Findlay will conduct "The Countryside Garden Laboratory," a great new gardening manual to appear in The Countryside every month.

Note These Names

The roll-call of contributors under the new ownership includes such names as: Margaret Woodrow Wilson; Zona Gale, author of "Friendship Village"; George Madden Martin, creator of Emmy Lou; W. H. Truesdale, President of the Lackawanna Railroad; Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, of Union Theological Seminary; Mary Sargent Potter, daughter of Professor Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum; Hudson Maxim; Joyce Kilmer; Edna Dean Proctor; George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days"; Stewart Edward White, author of "The Blazed Trail"; Gutzon Borglum, Sculptor; Kathleen Norris, author of "Mother"; Walter Prichard Eaton; John Burroughs; Norman Harselle; Max Eastman; Josephine Daskam Bacon; Herman Hagedorn; May Irwin; Edward F. Bigelow; Jack London; Wilfrid Wilson Gibson; Cecilia Beaux; Herbert Reed (Right Wing); P. A. Vaile; Margaret Deland; Mary Roberts Rinehart; Marion Harland, and many others whose names stand high in American literature.

Note This Program

Here are the specific interests to which The Countryside devotes its attention primarily:

HOUSE BUILDING—The acquisition of land, selecting the building site, placing the house, scientific construction, modern efficiency, buying the best building materials and equipment, choosing the house plans, dealing with the architect and builder—on these subjects the country house owner needs sound advice. He gets it in The Countryside Magazine.

INTERIOR DECORATION—What is new in flooring, wall coverings, mantels, bath room fittings, lighting fixtures, wood finishing? The Countryside has articles and pictures about everything that goes to make the house inside comfortable, beautiful, sanitary and efficient.

HOUSE FURNISHING—Choosing rugs, curtains, hangings, furniture. Every object that helps to make your life indoors complete you will find discussed in The Countryside by writers who know their subjects well.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE—Preparing and keeping up the grounds to make your house in the country beautiful in its setting, putting up greenhouse and garage, buying seeds and bulbs, planting the garden, choosing efficient tools, planning the flower bed, selecting porch and garden furniture and decorations, enriching the soil, raising small fruits, keeping poultry, dogs and live stock—all these delights of country living are dwelt upon in The Countryside by experts who write from scientific knowledge and experience, but in such a way that everyone may understand and receive the maximum of help and pleasure from their reading and from the pictures.

HORTICULTURE—Here again The Countryside enjoys unusual distinction because of its excep-

tional sources of information and its scientific and accurate presentation of horticultural knowledge.

SPORTS AND RECREATION—Life in the open air is a big factor in your scheme of country living. In The Countryside, as the seasons come round, you will find striking and picturesque articles on motoring, golf, tennis, riding, driving, skating, shooting, fishing, camping, boating and other sports—to help you get the most out of your life along the countryside.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD—Good roads for your motor car, better schools for your children, proper lighting for your side-walk, the country club for your recreation, the suburban church for your worship, improved railway stations and train service for your suburban travel, more attractive approaches for your town—these things concern you intimately; and these are things for which, as you will see, The Countryside stands.

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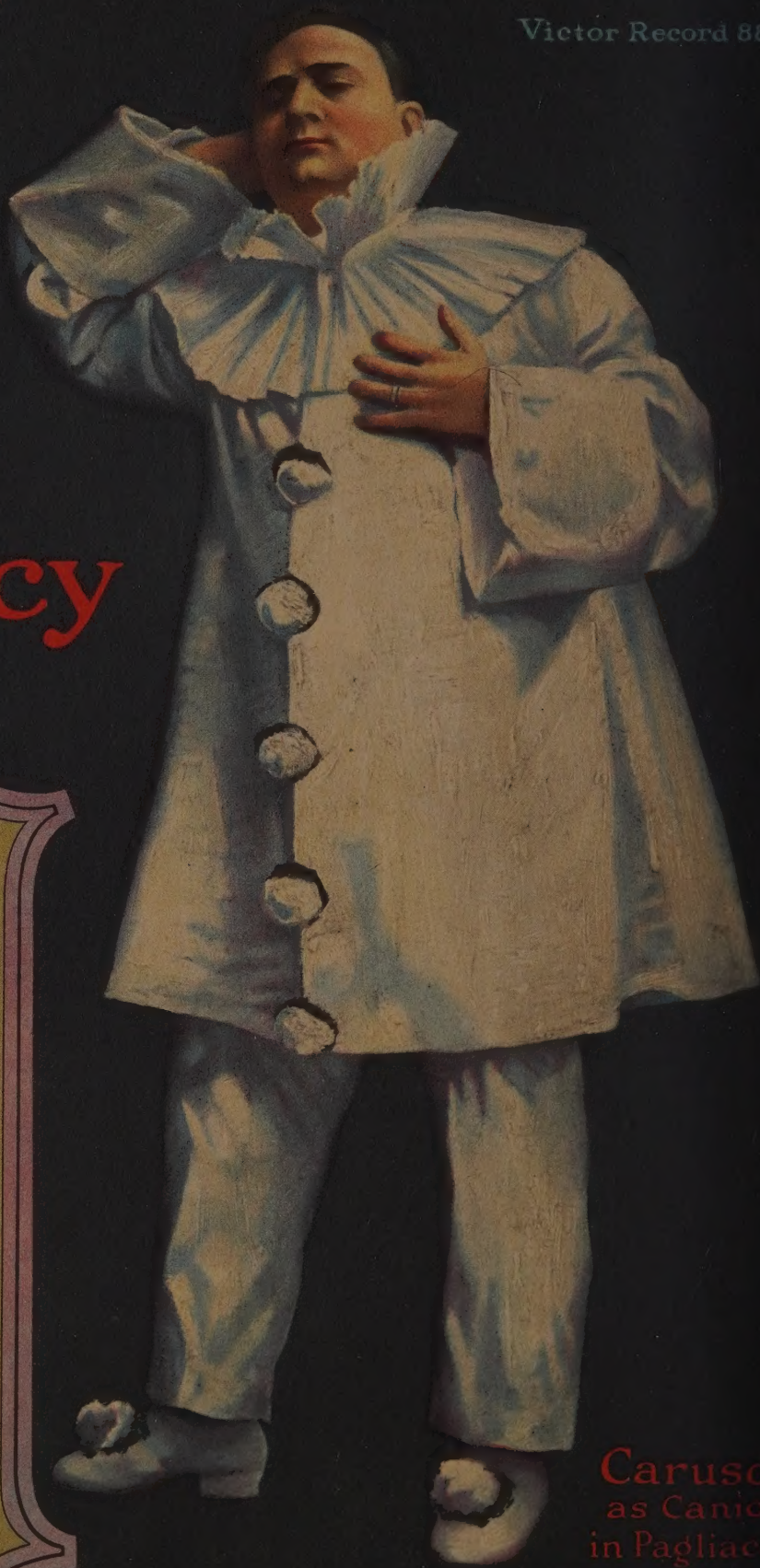
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